THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOICES OF THE SEA.

BY PAUL MICKEL.

To sit by the sea all day and hear its roar,
To watch the foam-crowned billows lash the shore,
Filling the soul with yearnings evermore—
So pleads my throbbing heart.

Listen! Sweet voices, calling, float along,
Hushing the spirit, soft as liquid song;
Wildly beseeching others, prayerful, strong
In sorrow's withered part;

Voices exultant, loving, wayward, glad,
Brimful of music, singing soon and sad
As midnight balls, or dreams that, waking, had
Lost their sweet hope and died;

Others as clarions sounding, tuneful, loud,
Bringing great joy, new greetings from the cloud
Of celestial spirits, and heart's storm is bowed
By this far-echoing tide.

Like the sweet singers in a dream of old,
Whose changeful melody a glad tale told,
Are these; and, too, as Love's pure, passioned bold
They haunt our deepest sleep.

O, gifted sea, thou know'st my aching heart!
Bring back my love—Life long hath borne its smart.
Blest with thy roar come whisperings, and I start—
Ye tides, my secret keep!

PERSECUTED;

OR,

A BRAVE WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY DR. CHARLES G. NORTHRUP,

AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED: OR, COMPTON'S REVENGE," ETC., ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

"A penny for your thoughts?" Then he looked up, to recognize in the intruder his young guest, Miss Hill.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

Scarcely a week had passed since the promise was given. The master of Riverville sat alone in his library, whiling away the hour before dinner with the newly arrived journals. It was an evening not uncommon to our climate, even in spring, wild and dismal with wind and rain; and so, although it was not yet dark out of doors, the blinds were down, the lamps lighted, and a pile of soft maple sticks hissed and crackled before the bars of the polished grate. His present occupation did not seem to interest the gentleman. He shifted his paper uneasily from hand to hand; broke off in the middle of the shipping list, read only the heads of the Postscripts, and finally abandoned it altogether, wheeled his chair a trifle nearer the hearth, and fixed an intense gaze upon the clear, yellow flame. And as he gazed, his face assumed the expression of one in earnest and profound meditation.

The library door opened. The soft rustle of some silken garment mingled with the music of the fire, and the delicate odor of wood violets spread throughout the room.

Mr. Trevor, so deep was his abstraction, heard nothing until a hand was laid lightly upon his coat sleeve, and a voice, evidently trained for the occasion, offered the somewhat trite proposition: "A penny for your thoughts!" Then he looked up, to recognize in the intruder his young guest, Miss Hill.

She was dressed for dinner, in a pale violet-colored silk robe, cut to display to the best advantage her faultless arms and handsome shoulders, and contrasting exquisitely with their natural fairness; she wore few ornaments, but costly and elegant; her hair, which was dark and abundant, was combed back quite away from her brow, thus lending an added appearance of youth to her fresh young face; her large eyes looked more darkly, beautifully blue than usual, and a warm blush glowed on her rounded cheeks. Altogether, she made a wondrously beautiful picture; and so Mr. Trevor must have thought, for, as he looked upon her, his grave brow grew less grave, and his set lips relaxed into a smile. So potent ever is the charm of woman's loveliness.

"They would not be worth even that to you," he said, lightly, and rose to place her a chair. But she would not permit him.

"No, please," she said, "let me choose my own seat." And went and brought a small ottoman, and sat down at his feet.

"I would not do that," he said, gravely. A rosy blush suffused her neck and brow, but she did not offer to move.

"Why, surely it can be no harm with a person old enough to—to——"

"Be your father, you would say! But the world is not over tender in its judgments, even in such cases."

She could do no less than retire a little distance, but she did it with very ill grace, biting her full under lip, and otherwise manifesting decided displeasure.

Remembering how she had been educated, Mr. Trevor was disposed to treat her with all possible generosity.

"You must understand that I speak more for your own good than my own," said he, kindly. "Such are the usages of society that many things are allowable in a gentleman, which would be absolutely ruinous to the reputation of a lady—especially a young one."

"Society is a humbug."

"Granted! but while we allow ourselves to make one of it, it is only fair that we should defer, so far as it is proper, to its caprice, and its requirements."

Miss Hill was not naturally unamiable, and by this time her good temper was quite restored. She shrugged her shoulders, and casting an arch glance towards Mr. Trevor:

"I did not come here to be lectured," she said, between a smile and a pout.

"Nor am I in a mood for lecturing."

"You don't ask me what I did come for."

"No; you will tell me without, if you choose to have me know."

Miss Isabella did not respond immediately. She sat with look downcast, tapping the soft carpet with her pretty foot.

"I wish I knew how to begin," she said, speaking to herself.

"Is your subject, then, so difficult to manage?"

She lifted her eyes, and darted a quick glance at his face. Hesitating a moment:

"Yes, it is," she answered, letting her gaze fall to the floor again.

"Are you afraid of it—or me?"

"Both." Then she plunged her hand nervously among the folds of her dress, and drawing it forth, arose and walked over to Mr. Trevor.

"Read that," she said, abruptly, laying a piece of paper on his knee, and remained standing by his side till he should do so.

He took it up in some surprise. It was half of a large sheet, crumpled and somewhat soiled, and with the corner bearing the date torn away; the writing was peculiar, with heavy down strokes and exaggerated dots above each I, and was evidently that of a bold, resolute character—probably a man. It ran thus:

DEAR CHUM:—(It had been "Dear Classie," but classie had been partially scratched out and girl substituted.) "Glad to find you are game. Don't let that old she dragon rout you; keep on the right side of the brother and you may snap your fingers at her. From what you say, that T—r is dead in love with you; don't let him slip through your fingers. Be prudent and don't rush matters, just play off for a while, and be sure you come in and win at the end. But you don't need any directions; the d——l himself couldn't beat that baby face of yours. Don't write till you hear from me again.

Yours, HARVISON.

Mr. Trevor read the note through twice. If it agitated him at all he did not show it.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"I found it in the schoolroom by Miss Bond's desk."

"You infer, then, that it is her's?"

"I don't see that there is a chance for any other inference."

"I do. If Miss Bond was a person in the habit of receiving such communications, you may be sure she would have the prudence to conceal them."

"Who can it belong to, if not to her?"

"That remains to be proved," he said, coolly, handing her back the paper.

"Don't you want to keep it?" was the surprised inquiry.

"No; why should I?"

"To confront her with it."

"Heaven forbid! Who, besides me, have you shown it to?"

"No one."

"You have done very right. Now I desire you to destroy it."

"Destroy it!" cried the young lady, impetuously. "No! Since you will not take it to her, I am going to."

Mr. Trevor turned a severe look towards her sparkling face.

"What!" he said, sharply, "would you give a sister woman unnecessary pain?"

"I would save my friend, if I could," she stammered, with drooping head.

"Am I that friend?"

She motioned assent.

"Then I beg you will give yourself no more trouble in the matter. I am quite able to take care of myself."

"You are afraid to subject her to the test?"

"What do you mean?"

"You wouldn't bet on what the result would be?"

"Certainly not," the gentleman replied, in a tone of unmistakable disgust. "I am not a betting character."

She saw that she had made a false move, that she was losing his good opinion; nevertheless she persisted willfully:

"I shall show it to her, Mr. Trevor."

"You will do as you please, without doubt," was the impatient retort, "but you have my advice."

She laid her white hand upon his arm.

"You will come with me?" she said, coaxingly.

"Excuse me, I will not!"

Her grasp tightened.

"Yes, you will; come!" she continued, still more pleadingly. "If I am wrong, I will acknowledge it, and it will not hurt her. Come!"

He was about to deny her again, but a sober second thought restrained him.

"Very well," he said, "I will go." And, rising, he coldly offered her his arm.

It yet wanted a quarter of an hour to six—the dinner hour at Riverville. Miss Samantha was not yet down from her dressing-room, and Jennie Bond was the only occupant of the parlor when Mr. Trevor and his fair companion entered in. She sat near the door, with her back towards it, reading, yet she seemed but little interested in the book she held in her hands. Her attitude was one of extreme dejection, and the glimpse which Mr. Trevor caught of her pale face filled him with remorse for the sorrow about to be inflicted upon her, in which he could not but consider himself, in some degree, an accomplice.

But Miss Hill was troubled with no such compunction, as she advanced with her indolent society saunter to where the governess sat.

"Have you lost anything, Miss Bond?" she asked, carelessly.

Jennie turned towards her.

"I do not know that I have."

"Oh! I thought this might be yours—I found it by your desk," and she reached forth the soiled and crumpled paper.

The moment Jennie saw it she shrieked and fell back in her chair; her face became, if possible, more pallid than before, and looked hard and cold, as though instantly frozen to stone.

"Are you ill?" asked Miss Hill, in well simulated surprise.

The poor creature lifted two eyes that would have melted almost a marble heart, two eager, imploring eyes, with the look in them of a hunted thing; she tried to speak, but only a piteous gasp escaped her stiffened lips.

The gaze of her merciless persecutor was fixed full upon her.

"Are you ill, Miss Bond?" she again asked, coolly; "you look faint."

"No; it is not mine," said Jennie, in a hoarse, painful whisper; "it is not mine." But she bent forward, and snatched the paper almost fiercely from the outstretched hand of the fair patrician. She seemed to comprehend its contents at a glance. "Lost! lost! lost!" she moaned, and her head fell heavily forward upon her breast.

But only for a moment did she sit thus. She sprang wildly to her feet, and tottered, rather than walked, over to where Mr. Trevor stood, leaning upon the marble mantleshelf.

"There!" she cried, "take that—read it—read every word—she will tell you—they will tell you it is mine; and I say, as God, and heaven, and the holy angels are my witnesses, I never saw it before to-night!"

Mr. Trevor took the paper from her and put it in the fire; he then supported her to the nearest chair, for she trembled so she could hardly stand. Her cheeks and lips were now brightest crimson, and the expression of her eyes almost fearful to behold.

"You will believe me! you will believe me!" she kept crying; and then, as he did not answer, she caught hold of his hand—her touch was like fire—"you will believe me! It is not mine! indeed, indeed, it is not mine!"

To have expressed suspicion, even had there been the strongest grounds for it, under such circumstances as these would have been extreme barbarity; and Mr. Trevor, who was one of the most humane of men in spite of his unvarying straightforwardness, at once set himself about soothing the terrified girl.

"My child," he said, in a voice loud enough to be distinctly heard by the indignant Miss Isabella, "I promised never to doubt you; I promised, too, to protect you should the time ever come when you required protection; I do not retract that promise, and if that time has come now, I am ready to stand by it." And so firmly did he speak that neither of his hearers had room for a single doubt of his utter and hearty sincerity.

Such his words; what his feelings! Oh, in his heart—in spite of the bravery of lip and tongue and look—a volume of torturing doubt and fear and dread was raging. "Have I been deceived? have I trusted in vain? is she then false as she is fair?" he asked himself. It was these questions, and questions like these, that rendered almost intolerable the dull spring evening; and it was these questions, and others not more agreeable, that held sleep from his pillow through all the long hours of the tempestuous spring night.

CHAPTER IX.

Philadelphia in 18— was not what Philadelphia is in 1874; its streets were fewer, its magnificence less, notwithstanding the great fire. Localities where stood the mansions of the opulent are to-day occupied by bustling offices and extensive stores. You will not, therefore, think it strange when I tell you that the heir of Ashmead rented chambers on Chestnut street, much nearer Independence Hall than Broad; albeit, he was young, handsome, the height of fashion, and had just come into a fortune.

The time was eleven o'clock of a day early in May; the place, Bert Thorne's parlor. It was a handsome room, high and spacious, and decorated, as most gay young bachelors' parlors are, I fancy, with furniture which although elegant and costly showed the effect of bacchanalian revels and careless usage—full length mirrors, pictures more or less desirable, and a profusion of ornaments of all sizes and descriptions. The morning sunshine pouring in through curtains of heavily wrought lace, fell within a few feet of a table laid for breakfast, before which sat, or rather lounged, the gentleman above alluded to. A dressing gown and cap of oriental style set off to good advantage his abundant blonde hair, and fair though somewhat effeminate face; and his feet, of which he was particularly proud, were encased in slippers of the most exquisite design and finish; in short he was a most perfect specimen of the youthful roue, with all the good things of life before him, and plenty of leisure in which to enjoy them.

He had suspended his breakfast, and was lazily examining two letters which his valet had just brought in. The uppermost of the two was faintly tinted and perfumed, and looked like the production of some tasteful female hand. He opened it; it bore neither date nor signature, and it contained these lines:

"The bait has failed. You must arrange a better plan than you have suggested if we are to accomplish anything. Let us hear from you by return mail."

His only comment upon this was to tear it into tiny pieces, which he threw upon the rich carpet. He then proceeded to examine the contents of the second missive. It was dated at Riverville, April 23d, and had from some cause been detained on the way nearly a fortnight; it was more lengthy than its predecessor, and ran thus:

BERT THORNE:—I desire you from this time forth to cease your unmanly persecution of Miss Jennie Bond. In order to disabuse your mind of the possible fancy that she is alone and friendless, let me emphatically state that I shall consider any insult which you may offer her a personal affront, and conduct myself accordingly. You know in such cases I never say what I do not fully mean. Let this be sufficient warning to you.

Yours, JAMES TREVOR.

When he had read this communication through carefully for the third time, the young man disposed of it in the same manner as he had of the other, while an ugly sneer disfigured his regular features.

"So!" he soliloquized, "the Grand Turk himself is going to take up the cudgels in my incognita's defence. Well, I may be able to handle even him, high and mighty as he is. But I must take another tack, clearly," he added, in a meditative tone, helping himself to half of a chicken's breast; "I must take another tack."

And having concluded the subject in this manner, he proceeded with his repast. He was, however, almost immediately interrupted by the entrance of his servant, who announced a visitor.

"Why the deuce didn't you say I was engaged?" cried he, testily. "I shall never get through my breakfast at this rate!"

"Why so I did, sir; and she ——"

"She!"

"She said, sir, that ——"

"Her business was important and would not admit of delay," said a female voice of peculiar richness; and over the valet's shoulder appeared the face of the new arrival.

It was a face of extreme loveliness, young and fresh, of the Jewish cast, with regular, clear cut features, hair and eyes of jet black, and a pure olive skin, tinted about the cheeks with a most delicate rose, while her full curving lips were the color of the scarlet cardinal flower, and when she advanced farther into the room she displayed a form perfect in proportion and slightly above the medium height of woman.

Bert Thorne did not receive this beautiful creature as a young and ardent man might be expected to do; on the contrary he frowned and looked disturbed, and did not speak at all to her until he had dismissed his valet; when he said, in not the most agreeable voice:

"What brought you here?"

She had the bearing of one accustomed only to tenderness, and had evidently anticipated a very different greeting, for a look of surprise, as well as pain, mantled her lovely face, and her gaze was downcast as, in tones almost inaudible from emotion, she faltered:

"I wanted to see you."

"Then why didn't you send for me?"

"I had sent and you never came. Oh, Bert, you have been so long away from me!"

Her plaintive speech seemed to awaken his better feelings, for he said, far more kindly than before—though without offering to rise:

"Sit down, Lucille. Have you had breakfast?"

She neither accepted his invitation nor answered his question, but springing forward to where he sat, threw herself upon her knees before him, and seizing his hand covered it with fervent kisses, crying, impetuously:

"Dear Bert, say you are glad to see your little girl; call me your darling, as you used to do!"

Her caresses did not seem to please nor to excite him in any way; he submitted to but did not return them, and sat looking at her through half-shut eyes without a word of response.

"Ah, Bert, say you love me! say you have not forgotten your wild bird in all these weary days!"

He lifted his shapely white fingers and indolently patted her glowing cheek.

"Little stupid," he said, languidly, "what a number of ideas you do contrive to pack into that precious head!"

"Then you do care for poor me?"

"Oh, yes; I like you excellently well. But what brought you from home this morning? You shouldn't come here, you girl; didn't you know I wouldn't approve of it?"

"I haven't seen you for a month."

"Nonsense; it never can be half that time."

"Why, yes; don't you remember? you were out the 1st day of April, and it's May now. I have counted every hour—oh, how long they have been!"

"You can't expect me to go all the way out there every day!"

"Once you did."

"Once is passed! I can't do it now, if I did then," he muttered, impatiently.

"Once is past; what makes you talk that way to me?"

He was silent.

She drew back and looked at him, her soul in the gaze.

"You—you don't mean that you've got to love me less! Bert, you don't mean that?"

"There's no fear but I'll love you well enough, if you behave like a sensible woman."

For a moment the beautiful girl did not speak; she was eagerly studying the fair face of her lover, and as she continued the color faded from her cheek, her lips fell apart, and a look of indescribable emotion dilated her brilliant eyes.

"Bert," she said, slowly, the words seeming to cost her much difficulty, "I have heard of girls whose lovers deserted them; are you going to make me one of those girls?"

The intensity of her scrutiny disconcerted even him—bold and reckless as he ordinarily was; he shifted about uneasily in his chair; rose and took two or three turns across the room, and finally came back and sat down with the air of one who had an unpleasant business before him, and was in a hurry to be through with it.

"Lucille," he began, hastily, "you love me?"

"Oh, I do! I do!"

"Then you would not wish to do me an injury?"

She put up her hand and pushed back the glossy hair that had fallen over her low brow before she answered; when she did answer, her words were foreign to the subject.

"Bert, will you marry me?"

"How you do change about!" cried Thorne, with a pettishness evidently assumed to hide a less pleasant feeling. "That was not at all what we were talking of."

She did not once turn her eyes away from him, and repeated in the same tone, though with added emphasis:

"Bert, will you marry me?"

"What an unreasonable woman you are."

"Is it unreasonable to ask you to do as you promised of your own free will?"

"I shouldn't think you need complain. Haven't I done everything to make you happy?"

"Everything but the one thing greatest of all!"

"I never shall do that; I wouldn't be saddled with a wife—not if she were the most beautiful woman under the sun!"

She did not meet his harsh denial to do her justice with scorn, as a less delicate nature would have done; instead, she again caught his cool hands in her trembling fingers and crushed them against her burning brow, and rained hot kisses on them, while great salt tears rolled down her crimson cheeks.

"Oh, Bert," she sobbed, "don't say that! Think what I was before you knew me—how innocent, how beloved; think how you lured me from my home—my pleasant, peaceful home; think how I love you; what shall I be if you cast me off so, and let the thought soften your heart and your purpose towards me.

Wipe out this shame that hurts me so—give me your name—let me know that I am legally, as I am in soul yours; and, though you strike me dead the next hour, my last breath shall be a blessing on you!"

You would think that appeal must have moved him—but it did not.

"Unfortunately the law would not support me in such a course," was the only answer he vouchsafed her, striving to withdraw himself from her frenzied clasp.

If his reply had been a pure negative, however severe, she could have continued her appeal; but the cold, wicked brutality of his speech froze her words, seemed even to freeze her thoughts, and she made an effort to rise and leave him. But something in her look warned him that it would not be wise, or even safe, to let her go in this way, and he detained her.

"You child," he said, throwing a persuasive fondness into his voice, which none knew better how to assume, "what a simple little thing you are," and he put his arm about her, and bending down pressed a light kiss upon her flushed cheek.

She gave him such a look as no man with a soul could forget to his dying day.

"Bert, will you marry me?" she gasped.

He drew her towards him with another caress.

"My darling," he said, soothingly, "my pretty one, be quiet. You know Bert loves you!"

"Oh, Bert!" she cried again, "for the dear God's sake say that you will make me your wife!"

Awed by that terrible gaze, he dared not frame with his lips the cruel "no" that his not less cruel will dictated; but, her senses sharpened by this new suffering, the poor young creature read it only too plainly in his eyes—(those bold, bad, merciless eyes, that could make themselves so beautiful when they pleased; that had won her, and many another as fair as she, from the path of innocence, only to plunge them sooner or later into a despair more horrible than death!) and, before he divined her intentions, she shook herself free from his treacherous embrace, rose, and without speaking another word, hurried from the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR SUPERCARGO.

BY W. J. ROSS.

Although still young, I had already followed the occupation of a sea-going engineer for several years, when, in 18—, I joined the Charles Edward as "chief." She was a new screw clipper, and had been chartered by a party of merchants who were going to make the experiment of bringing in the early teas by steam. We were bound for Hong Kong with a general cargo; on discharging which we were to trade in the Chinese waters till the new teas were ready, when we were to take in a full cargo and make the run home with all possible speed. As we carried four engineers, I had no watch to take; but as engines, like men, have their individual peculiarities—peculiarities with which it behoves a "chief" to be acquainted—I was fully engaged in the engine-room for the first three or four days after we left Liverpool. By the fifth day I had got everything "ship-shape," and in the afternoon was taking a leisurely turn on deck with the captain, who was an old shipmate. Our conversation at first turned upon matters relating to the navigation of the ship and the probable duration of the voyage; and from these, by an easy transition, we came to the crew.

"And who is the young swell?" I asked, nodding towards a young fellow I had occasionally seen chatting with the sailors, and who, as he was dressed as a landsman, I supposed was a friend of the owners or some other privileged person making the run out with us as a passenger.

"Our supercargo," answered the captain.

"Supercargo!" I echoed in surprise, as I glanced at his fine clothes and soft white hands. "Well, I should think that at some time he had a much better berth."

"Well, I believe this is the first berth he has ever had in the way of work," said the captain. "He was brought up to spend money, not to earn it, and considering that such was the case, he takes to the work very kindly. It's a common enough story now-a-days," he continued, seeing that I was interested. "His father commenced life as a shop-boy, got on, turned speculator on a large scale, made a great deal of money, and was supposed to have made still more. Having made a fortune, he attempted to make a social position by sheer dint of ostentatious expenditure, and announced that he was determined to make a gentleman of his son. Finally, in his old age, he over-speculated, and died within a month of the time when the fact of his being a bankrupt could no longer have been concealed. When his affairs were overhauled, some small pittance was saved from the wreck, and in order that it might the better support his mother and sister, this young fellow—more power to him for it!—determined to look out for employment. As he wished first to clear right away from his old associates, he applied to one of our charter party for his present berth; and so here he is, and, all things considered, a fine young fellow. I promised to keep a friendly eye on him," concluded the captain, as I was about to return to the engine-room; "but, you know, I cannot very well be hob-nobbing with him on board, and as he knows no one else in the ship, I should be glad if you'd make friends with him. You will find him a capital fellow."

As Harry Wallworth—for that I found was our supercargo's name—was of a frank cheery disposition, there was no difficulty in making friends with him; and during the run he and I became quite intimate, while his pleasant manner and good-humored conversation made him a favorite with all on board.

We reached Hong Kong in eighty-five days; and having discharged our cargo, commenced running in the Chinese waters till the new teas were ready, when we put into Foo Chow Foo, and having taken in a full shipment, started on our homeward voyage.

We were under steam during a great part of the run home, and much of my time was consequently passed in the engine-room. But though I had now few opportunities of conversing with Wallworth for any length of time together, I noticed that he appeared to be gloomy and anxious, and that his uneasiness of mind seemed to increase as we approached home.

One evening, when we were within a few days' sail of the English coast, I went upon deck, and found him walking about in the abstracted mood that had now become habitual to him. After watching him for a few moments, I joined him in his promenade, and began to rally him about his absent manner; but, as was always the case when spoken to on this subject, he by an effort threw off all appearance of uneasiness, and rattled away in his former lively style. Despite his efforts, however, to appear at ease, he soon relapsed into silence, and seemed to be scarcely conscious that I was accompanying him. Finding that his silent fit was likely to last, I left him. Early on the following morning he came into my berth, saying, that he had come thus early to apologise for his apparent want of courtesy on the preceding evening.

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow," I said; "it is I who ought to apologise for intruding upon you at a moment when your mind was so evidently preoccupied."

"Well, at the time that you spoke to me, Will," he answered, "I was thinking deeply upon a subject that, though a very ordinary one in itself, is at present, owing to attendant circumstances, a very painful one to me."

"Well, Harry, I have no wish to pry into your secrets," I said, "but may I ask if it is anything that has occurred on board that has caused you to be so thoughtful of late, for during the run out you were happy and light-hearted enough?"

"O, no," he replied; "the subject on which I was thinking has not the remotest connection with the ship or any one on board of her. The fact of the matter is," continued Wallworth, after a pause, and speaking abruptly, "it's the old, old story. I'm in love, and as I can see no prospect of the course of my love *ever* running smooth, I'm miserable. If it won't be a bore to you to listen to my private affairs," he resumed before I could speak, "I'll explain my position to you. I feel that it would be a relief to my mind to tell it to some friend, and besides, you will perhaps be able to give me some advice."

I replied that if I could assist him by advice, or any other means in my power, I should be happy to do so. And I had scarcely done speaking, when, in a low hurried tone, he commenced to tell the story of his love. Briefly put, it was to the effect that he was engaged to a Miss Foster, the only daughter of a Liverpool merchant. At the time the engagement was made he was considered a good match for her, but his altered circumstances making a material difference, he had offered to release her from her engagement. To this she replied, that he did her an injustice if he supposed that the change in his fortunes could make her desirous of being freed from her engagement, and that she would wait for him, lovingly and willingly, until he could make such a position for himself as to justify him in marrying a girl who, though undomesticated and rather extravagantly brought up, would, for his sake, do all in her power to amend her faults.

"Well, Wallworth," I said, when he had got thus far, "I see nothing in all this to be miserable about. I think the young lady spoke in a manner honorable to herself and encouraging to you."

"It's not what she said that makes me miserable," he answered. "She spoke like the noble-hearted girl she is. It's what I said myself that causes my anxiety. I spoke as if I was quite certain of realizing a fortune in a few years, and that may have had some effect in inducing her to speak as she did. But you know that, practically speaking, the making of a fortune is an extremely difficult affair; and even if it is accomplished, it generally requires many years of patient toil to do it. I can hardly expect a beautiful girl—one who is constantly sought after by men of wealth and position—to waste the best years of her life in waiting for a contingency that must at the best be distant, and is at present a very doubtful one. In short, Will," he said, rising from the box on which he had been seated, and speaking more passionately than he had hitherto done, "I think that I shall lose her, and the thought of it makes me wretched and unhappy."

In this frame of mind he continued to the end of the voyage, all my efforts to show him that he took an unnecessarily despondent view of his position proving in vain.

We reached Liverpool after a quick run, and were scarcely docked, when the agent of the owners came on board and informed the ship's company that, as soon as our cargo was discharged, and another, then ready for shipping, taken in, the Charles Edward would start on a trip to Bermuda and back, and that those of the crew who liked to do so could "take on" again. Wallworth, who, in common with the rest of us, had supposed that we should be paid off and the ship laid up for an indefinite period, had already determined to look out for something on shore, but on hearing this he was irresolute as to whether or not he should make the second run with us. Finally, however, it was arranged that his berth should be kept open for his acceptance to within two or three days of the time of sailing.

We had got into port on a Monday morning, and during the whole of that day Wallworth was engaged in the offices of the firm to whom our cargo was consigned; so that, till the next day, he had no opportunity of calling on the Fosters, who resided in a handsome villa a short distance from the town. On the Tuesday morning he left the ship in the best of spirits, the prospect of again seeing "Bella," about whom he had been talking most rapturously the previous evening, having effectually banished the gloom and melancholy which had affected him during the latter part of our homeward voyage. But alas for human happiness! In the evening he came on board again a disappointed man. Coming straight to the engine-room, in which I happened to be alone at the time, he abruptly exclaimed:

"The old story, Will:

> "Gold thrives more in a single hour
> Than love in seven long years."

There's a fellow there, a flourishing bill-discounter, who, if he is not already the accepted lover of my *true* love, has evidently only to speak to be so."

"I should hardly think that things had come to that pass during the short time you have been away," I said, soothingly; "perhaps you have misunderstood or taken a wrong view of something you have seen or heard?"

"No, I haven't," he replied, testily. "When I was shown in, this fellow was seated beside her. After rising for a minute to receive me in a stately manner, she returned to his side; and as my presence was almost entirely ignored, I soon came away."

Nothing further was said respecting his reception by Bella; but after his first indignant outburst he seemed anxious to change the conversation to other subjects, upon which he spoke with an affectation of gaiety greatly at variance with the real state of his feelings. While we were talking the captain entered the engine-room, and Wallworth at once informed him that he would go with us on our next voyage.

"For, you see," he said, when the captain had gone, "so far as I am concerned, I like a seafaring life, and I have now no motive for staying on shore, not being in any particular hurry for a better position than my present one."

On the following afternoon Wallworth was informed that a gentleman was on board inquiring for him, and on going on deck he found that it was the fair, but faithless, Bella's father, to whom he introduced me. Mr. Foster, a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with a pleasant countenance and a cheery manner, had evidently a warm personal regard for Wallworth, whatever he might think of the engagement with his daughter. Wallworth was at first inclined to be sulky, but Mr. Foster, who probably guessed how things had gone on the previous day, would not notice his ill-humor, and Harry was soon restored to good temper. Mr. Foster having laughingly told us of the difficulties he had experienced in getting on board the Charles Edward, Wallworth and I accompanied him on shore. As we were parting from outside the docks he said:

"By the way, Harry, we have a little party at our place on Friday; you'll come of course, and if Mr. Johnstone has no other engagement I shall be happy to see him with you."

The invitations having been accepted after a little hesitation, we returned to the ship.

Mr. Foster's little party turned out to be a ball. We arrived just as the first dance was finished, and found a tolerably large number assembled, among whom were several young ladies; but from the glowing description of Miss Foster's beauty which Wallworth had given me during his love-fit on the previous Monday night I had no difficulty in singling her out. On seeing Wallworth, she advanced towards him, and as I had no wish to appear in the character of the proverbial third person who makes three no company, I turned off to speak to Mr. Foster, who was standing near. Notwithstanding my charitable design to leave the lovers in such privacy as the circumstances would admit of, I was compelled, owing to the comparatively loud tone in which they spoke, to overhear much of their conversation.

"Well, Harry, how are you this evening?" said the young lady, offering him her hand as she spoke.

"I am quite well, thank you," he replied coldly, and affecting not to see her proffered hand. "I trust you are well."

"Perfectly well," she said, speaking with a contemptuous coldness that contrasted harshly with the sweet cheery tone in which she had first addressed him.

At this point the conversation seemed likely to terminate; but after a somewhat lengthy pause, Wallworth, in a low, sneering tone, asked:

"How is Mr. Marlow?"

"He was quite well when I parted from him last night," she answered. "By the way, here is Mr. Marlow," she added, indicating by a glance a lumbersome, coarse-featured and heavily bejeweled young man who at that moment entered the room, "and as I want to speak to him particularly I must leave you."

Whereupon, with a supremely indifferent air, she *did* leave him, and joining the gold and gem bedecked Mr. Marlow was presently engaged in a conversation with him, which, to judge from her frequent smile and animated manner, appeared to be of a lively character.

While they were still together Mr. Foster introduced me to his daughter, adding to the usual form of introduction that I had been Harry's guide, philosopher and friend during his maiden voyage. This piece of information, though given with a kind intention, had by no means "the desired effect." The manner of my reception was so excruciatingly civil as to be decidedly unpleasant; but as I had a great desire to learn something concerning the disposition of the girl about whom I had heard so much during the last few days, I affected not to notice the coolness with which I had been received. Finding that I did not leave her, as she had probably anticipated I should do when the ordinary civilities of an introduction had passed between us, she motioned me to a vacant chair beside the couch on which she was seated, and after making the necessary introduction between Mr. Marlow and myself, entered into conversation with the former. I had expected to find Mr. Marlow possessed of conversational powers the brilliancy of which would make a young lady indifferent to his rather repellant personal appearance, but I was astonished to find that he was insufferably dull and stupid, and that he either could not or would not converse upon any topic but business. Out of the domain of the "money article" I found it impossible to lead him, though I made several attempts to do so, in order to relieve the visible embarrassment of Miss Foster, who saw that I had done her the justice of concluding that her *apparent* gaiety had been put on for the purpose of annoying Wallworth. The haughty reserve with which she had received me soon gave way to the natural amiability of her disposition, more especially as I appeared to be endeavoring to save her from the disagreeable necessity of favoring Mr. Marlow with her views regarding the failure of Broker & Co., the rise in gold, and other Stock Exchange matters.

For a time we conversed upon a variety of commonplace topics, on which, however, as they had no special bearing upon trade, Mr. Marlow was unable to say anything. After one or two attempts on his part to reintroduce business as a subject of conversation had been "put down" by Miss Foster, he relapsed into a sullen silence, and shortly after left us to go into an adjoining apartment, which had been laid out as a card-room.

Our conversation now turned on the subject of my late voyage, and the friendship contracted between Wallworth and myself, and though nothing pointed was said in reference to Harry's conduct since his return from sea, I discovered that he had, as lovers occasionally will do, "made a fool of himself" by entertaining a jealousy for which there was no real cause.

After supper, not noticing Wallworth among the dancers, I presently went into the card-room, and to my surprise found him playing in the same set as Marlow. They were playing for some trifling stakes, "merely by way of giving interest to the game;" and Harry, who had lost several times in succession, was evidently irritated by the swaggering manner in which Marlow swept his winnings to a small pile of silver that lay at his elbow. At the conclusion of the first hand that I saw played, one of the bystanders, pointing to a half-crown in Marlow's heap, observed, "There are some figures on that which only show when you are looking at it in a particular direction."

This led to an examination of the coin, and it was then found, that when looked at closely it was almost impossible to perceive any marks upon it, but when placed in a certain light a number of minute lines, apparently making up some regular design, became visible, and on a magnifying glass being brought, these lines were found to be a microscopic engraving of a hand holding a pen, and surrounded by the motto, "I perpetuate."

"I'll give you another half-crown for it," said Wallworth, who was highly pleased with this specimen of the graver's art, and who, during this interruption to the card-playing, had been restored to something like his usual good humor.

"No, you won't," answered Marlow, placing the coin in his pocket.

Wallworth made no reply; but seeing that he was greatly enraged by Marlow's insulting tone, and as they were about to resume their play, I whispered:

"Be a good fellow, Harry, and keep your temper."

"I'll try," he whispered back; "but I should like to give him a good thrashing for all that.

"I've no doubt you would," I said in the same low tone; "but as you can't under present circumstances indulge in your liking, try to curb yourself, and don't give him the satisfaction of seeing that he can annoy you."

Harry was about to say something in reply, when we were startled by Marlow throwing his cards on the table, and in a fierce tone, exclaiming,

"Come, we're not going to have any confederates or cheating here!"

For a moment Wallworth gazed at the speaker in speechless indignation, and then, slowly rising and putting back his chair, said, in a tone, the lowness of which only intensified its concentrated passion:

"That'll do; but mark me, you cur, if it were not for violating the hospitality of the roof under which we are, I would chastise you in such a manner that you should remember your insolence the longest day you live."

Though evidently frightened by Wallworth's threatening tone and attitude, Marlow affected to treat the matter lightly, and—doubtless emboldened by the allusion to his being a guest of Mr. Foster and the presence of other visitors—even continued his insulting language.

"It's all very fine to talk about chastising people," he said, "but cheats are generally bullies, and bullies are always cowards."

If he relied upon the checks spoken of to restrain Wallworth from resenting this last insult by personal violence, he miscalculated their strength; for, almost before he had finished speaking, Wallworth sprang at him and levelled him by a crushing blow. When the gentlemen in the room had recovered from the inaction of surprise, they stepped in to prevent farther violence. But restraint was no longer necessary, Wallworth's superabundant passion having found vent in the fierce though brief physical exertion he had undergone.

"I require no watching now, gentlemen," he said. "I shall take no farther notice of that fellow at present. I am very much ashamed of myself for having allowed his taunts to cause me to so far forget the respect due to our host and yourselves as to have acted in the manner I have done; but," he added, an angry flush again suffusing his countenance, "the first time I meet him where I may give him the thrashing he deserves, I will make him repent his insults."

An appearance of order was soon restored; but real enjoyment was at an end, and as it was past midnight, I was just about to ask Wallworth to at once accompany me to our lodgings, when Mr. Foster came to tell me that a man from the Charles Edward wished to see me immediately.

On going into the hall I found one of the firemen, who had been sent by our third engineer to inform me that the men engaged in making some alterations in our engines, and who were working at them night and day, would be ready at four o'clock that morning to put in a certain valve, which I particularly desired to see placed. While I was speaking to the messenger, Marlow, accompanied by Miss Foster, passed through the hall. On reaching the door, they stood conversing for a few minutes; and, although I could not hear much of what was said, I gathered, from the few detached sentences that reached my ears, that Miss Foster was trying to dissuade Marlow from taking law-proceedings against Wallworth. After dismissing the fireman, I returned to the upper apartments, for the purpose of telling Wallworth that I was going to the ship; but finding him engaged in conversation with Miss Foster, who had returned to the dancing-room after parting with the irate bill-discounter, and guessing from his animated manner and flashing eye that he would not care to be interrupted, I merely left a message for him with Mr. Foster, and made the best of my way on board of the Charles Edward.

The work I had gone on board to superintend was completed about ten o'clock, and a little after that hour I returned to my lodgings, and was soon in bed and fast asleep. I had been in bed—as I afterwards learnt—about three hours, when I felt that I was being roughly shaken, and finding that the shaking did not cease upon my turning on to my other side, I slowly opened my eyes, to behold our captain leaning over me with a face paler than I had ever thought it possible for his weather-bronzed countenance to become.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed, springing from my bed, forgetting for the moment where I was. "Anything wrong in the engine-room?"

"No, no," he answered, "you are not on board; but dress yourself as quickly as you can, and come down stairs. Mr. Foster is waiting for you, and we have something very serious to tell you."

The ghastly pallor of Mr. Foster's countenance showed that he was terribly agitated, and the instant I saw him I involuntarily asked,

"Mr. Foster, what has happened?"

He attempted to reply; but his agitation was too great to permit him to do so intelligibly, and seeing this, the captain said:

"Well, Will, it's no use tacking about. The fact is, Wallworth is arrested for the murder of Marlow, the bill-discounter, and he wants to see you."

"Great Heaven!" I exclaimed, "can Wallworth have been such a madman? Are you sure it's true?"

"It's true enough that the man has been murdered, and that Harry is in custody charged with the crime," answered the captain, "and from what I have heard I am afraid there is some truth in the charge."

I was too much confounded to make any further inquiries just then; but on the way to the prison I gathered that Marlow's body, with the skull smashed in, and stripped of the money and jewelry he was known to have had about him when he left Mr. Foster's, had been found in a brickfield about half a mile from that gentleman's residence. A heavy walking-stick, that Wallworth had taken with him to Mr. Foster's on the previous Tuesday, and on that occasion had forgotten to bring away, had been found, broken and blood-stained, beside the body. This fact, added to the circumstances that he had used threatening language towards the murdered man, and had left Mr. Foster's in a hurried and excited manner a few minutes after him, was deemed sufficient to justify his arrest. He had been taken as he was returning to his lodgings about eight o'clock, and his appearance at the time greatly tended to strengthen the charge against him. His hands were lacerated; he was slightly lame with one foot, and there were several large wet patches upon his clothes, from which it was found that mud had recently been washed. On being examined before the sitting magistrates, he denied all knowledge of the crime, accounting for his disordered appearance by stating that, while walking rapidly in the dark after leaving Mr. Foster's, he had stumbled, in the fall cutting his hands and soiling his clothes. Thereupon he had gone on board the Charles Edward, and partially cleansed and rearranged his dress before returning to his lodgings.

The first intimation of the affair that the captain received was from one of the clerks of the owners, who informed him that, in consequence of Wallworth's statement, the police were coming to search the ship. A quarter of an hour later two detectives went on board, and on searching Wallworth's berth they found two bank-notes, which were known to have been in the murdered man's possession on the previous evening, concealed in his bedding. Shortly after the detectives left the ship Mr. Foster went on board to tell me that Wallworth, who had been remanded for a week, wanted to see me, and finding that I was on shore he and the captain came to my lodgings to deliver Wallworth's message.

On arriving at the prison I found Wallworth looking anxious and somewhat haggard, but still there was no appearance of fear in his countenance, and his hand, when he grasped mine, was firm and steady. My interview with him lasted about half an hour, and in the course of it he assured me of his innocence with an earnestness and solemnity that almost compelled one to believe that, notwithstanding appearances were so strongly against him, he was speaking the truth. He gave me a lengthened account, which was substantially the same as he had given to the magistrate, of his proceedings from the time I left the party. He fell, he said, soon after leaving the house; but in his then excited state he had taken no notice of the consequences of his fall, and had walked about, not caring where he went, for some time; but his ankle becoming very painful, recalled his accident to his mind, and caused him to notice the state of his dress. Finding himself in the neighborhood of the docks, he had gone on board the ship to remove the traces of his fall, and having done this he had gone on shore again, for not having received the message which I had left with Mr. Foster he was not aware that I was on board.

"And now, Will," he said, when he had concluded his explanation, "I want you to watch the case, as the lawyers phrase it, on my behalf, and to do anything you can to clear up this terrible mystery. I am altogether at a loss to understand it myself; for how my stick and those bank-notes, which I have been told were discovered in my hammock, came to be where they were found I cannot for the life of me imagine."

"You may rely upon it, Harry," I said, "that I shall do all in my power to serve you, and I trust that you will soon be freed from your present serious position; so keep your heart up, and hope for the best."

"Well, I shall hope for the best even if the worst comes," he said, in a more cheerful tone than he had yet spoken in; "and now there is no use for me to keep you any longer at present. But," he added, taking my hand in his as I was about to leave him, "be assured, Will, that I am as innocent of that poor fellow's death as you are."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMALE SOCIETY.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation to the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like the gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armour of a giant, by studs and knots of good and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

ANYWHERE, everywhere, a man can be a man. That question of ages is the age-answer—is to be the age-fact. Some seek it wisely; some spell it painfully; some falter at it tediously; some hiss it feebly; but the age shall pronounce it presently aloud.

PEOPLE who do a wrong seldom have any difficulty in finding out excuses and justification for it.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

STAINS.—Salts of sorrel will remove from under the nails the stains caused by paring apples, etc.

MIXTURE TO DESTROY FLIES.—Infusion of quassia, one pint; brown sugar, four ounces; ground pepper, two ounces. To be well mixed together, and put in small, shallow dishes when required.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM SETTLING ON PICTURES, PICTURE-FRAMES, AND OTHER FURNITURE.—Soak a large bundle of leeks for five or six days in a pail of water, and then wash the pictures, etc., with it.

WASH TO WHITEN THE NAILS.—Diluted sulphuric acid, two drachms; tincture of myrrh, one drachm; spring water, four ounces; mix. First cleanse with white soap, and then dip the fingers into the wash.

TO RAISE THE PILE OF VELVET WHEN PRESSED DOWN.—Cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of a light whisk.

PASTE TO DESTROY BUGS.—Two ounces of red arsenic, a quarter of a pound of white soap, half an ounce of camphor dissolved in a tea-spoonful of spirits rectified, made into a paste of the consistency of cream; place this mixture in the openings and cracks of the bedstead.

TO RENOVATE SILKS.—Sponge faded silks with warm water and soap; then rub them with a dry cloth on a flat board; afterwards iron them on the inside with a smoothing-iron. Old black silks may be improved by sponging with spirits. In this case the ironing may be done on the right side, thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing.

ARTIFICIAL CORAL FOR ROCKWORK.—Take four parts of yellow resin and one part of vermillion, and melt them together; dip twigs, cinders, or stones, in this mixture, and it will give them the appearance of coral; and are applicable to rockwork, grotto, or any fancy work, as a substitute for that costly article.

SCOURING BALLS TO REMOVE GREASE FROM CLOTH.—Soft soap and fullers' earth, of each half a pound; beat them well together in a mortar, and form into cakes. The spot, first moistened with water, is rubbed with a cake, and allowed to dry, when it is well rubbed with a little warm water, and afterwards rinsed or rubbed off clean.

TO PURIFY WATER.—It is not generally known that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A tablespoonful of pulverised alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred at the time) will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful.

CHINESE KITES.

A foreigner, on first entering a Chinese shop, finds himself surrounded by a heterogeneous collection of articles of almost every imaginable shape and size, all of which, on closer investigation, he will find to be kites. Some of them are of large serpentine shape, while some represent huge goggle-eyed spectacles, and others various kinds of fish, birds, butterflies, and animals of all sorts. For the benefit of our juvenile readers, we may mention that Chinese kites never have tails attached to them.

Sir John Davis' remarks about kites will be read with interest:

"In kite flying," he says, "the Chinese certainly excel all others, both in the various construction of their kites, and the heights to which they make them rise. They have a very thin as well as tough sort of paper, made of refuse silk, which, in combination with split bamboo, is excellently adapted to the purpose. The kites are made to assume every possible shape, and at some distance it is impossible, occasionally, to distinguish them from real birds. By means of round holes, supplied with vibrating cords or other substances, they contrive to produce a loud humming noise, something like that of a top, occasioned by the rapid passage of the air as it is opposed to the kite. At a particular season of the year not only boys, but grown men, take part in this amusement, and the sport sometimes consists in trying to bring each other's kites down by dividing the strings."

The season here referred to is that of a festival which occurs on the ninth day of the ninth Chinese moon (corresponding with the latter part of October,) and which is called Chung yang chieh or Teng kao (literally, "Ascending high.") On this occasion, another writer tells us, some people "make variegated fancy kites, which, after amusing themselves with them, they let fly wherever the wind may carry them, and give their kites and cares to the wind."

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of household affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away, he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries "More!" like the horseleech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare their children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in counting-house or work-shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

WITH THE TIDE.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

I am drifting down the river,
And the crested Pontic tide
Bears me onward, pausing never,
In its stately flowing pride:
How I hate this steady measure—
Will it never faster flow?
This is neither pain nor pleasure—
Stagnant weal is worse than woe.

There is Isis, just before me—
"Presence, fair as fair can be,
Let me lift the veil that's o'er thee—
Let us seek the smiling sea,
And in fair and sweet alliance,
We will wake the downward deep
With a ringing, loud defiance
To the Tertor in his keep."

* * * * * *

Dark is come upon the river,
In its sullen, silent flow,
And the stars begin to quiver
In the darker deep below;
One by one, are disappearing,
All the signs of peaceful rest—
Let them go, for I am nearing
Isis—fairy goddess guest!

Now, the shadows, darker falling,
With a thicker veil, conceal
The illusion that is calling,
In a silvery trumpet-peal;
And the Pontic tide is flowing
To a dreary, tasteless sea,
This, I know, and if so knowing
Suits with Fate, it suits with me!

WHAT WAS SHE GOOD FOR?

BY E. S. EDWARDS.

A bleak winter evening, with the wind howling outside, and the drifts of fast-falling snow blinding the vision of all adventurous pedestrians; but within Cyrus Ward's home circle all was snug brightness and warmth. It was a plain little room, nevertheless, where Mr. Ward sat at his table writing busily, with a pile of dictionaries, encyclopedias, and periodicals lying beside him for reference—a tall, refined-looking man, with gray hairs already beginning to gleam in the thin locks that overhung brow and temple. His wife was like himself—pale, slender, and worn—and the three girls sitting round the fireplace completed the circle of family jewels; Bessie, Nellie, and Ida—three dimpled, rosy, soft-eyed girls, all of them with sweet voices like birds, and pink cheeks, and lips coral red and ripe—all of them seeming alike to the casual looker on, in a degree that was almost puzzling, and all of them dissimilar as possible, when you became acquainted enough to distinguish them.

Bessie—she was the tall one, with the tiny scar on her left temple, where she fell down stairs in the palmy days of babyhood, and the mischievous sparkle in the hazel eyes—sat at her own especial table coloring photographs, an amusement whereby she contrived to add numerous little comforts to the family housekeeping. Nell was ripping apart the breadths of a merino dress, which was to be dyed black, and afterwards made up for mamma in the very newest style; and Ida was, according to her usual fashion, doing nothing.

For Ida Ward was the useless member of the family. Bess would not trust her with the photographs, because she was always sure to spill a blot of carmine on the nose of the "subject," instead of depositing it, in an orthodox manner, on the cheek. Nellie shrunk from the assistance of one whose scissors were fatal in their clips. Whatever she sewed had laboriously to be taken out—whatever she cooked was looked upon suspiciously, as somewhat akin to poison; and with all the intelligence in the world to render herself generally useful, Ida found herself ignominiously reduced to the condition of a domestic do-nothing.

"I really don't know what Ida is good for," Mrs. Ward said, thoughtfully.

Mr. Ward looked up smilingly from his manuscripts, and said, encouragingly, in the midst of Nellie and Bessie's laughter, "*I* know what she is good for; she makes the nicest little pet in the world."

And he parted Ida's curly head as she nestled close to his chair, never dreaming, as he plunged once more into the vortex of the encyclopedias, how grateful the girl was for the kind word and look; for Ida was painfully sensitive on the subject of her own incapacities.

"I wish I could do something like you girls," said Ida, piteously. "Couldn't I teach as a governess, Bessie?"

"You teach!" said Bessie, with good-humoured scorn. "Why, you'd run away and begin to cry if a canary bird looked at you!"

"I might embroider, perhaps, if one of you girls would go to Madame Chiffon's and get me a little work."

"And toil for six months for as many shillings!" laughed Nellie. "No, no, Ida; work isn't your *forte*!"

"Well, what is my *forte*?" demanded poor little Ida, with the courage born of desperation.

Nell shrugged her shoulders. Bessie only laughed; and Ida, receiving no human sympathy, took the cat on her lap, and with her wet eyes buried in pussy's white furs, whispered, "Oh, pussy! pussy! I am very miserable!" For it is a sad problem to overshadow the brightness of any young human life. "What am I good for? I can't even get married!" thought Ida, with a thrill of secret mortification; "for no gentleman ever looked at me twice! I could learn a blacksmith's trade, if I were a man, or a printer's, or a silversmith's. Oh, why wasn't I a man?"

It was hard enough, under the most propitious circumstances, to "make both ends meet" in the Ward family; but when the quiet, hard-working Mr. Ward himself suddenly fell ill with congestion of the lungs, a panic came over them—a shudder of inexpressible dismay. For the literary toil wherewith he eked out the family resources must perforce come to a stand-still when brain and hand alike refused to perform their duty.

The rent was coming due; the unpaid grocer's bill stared them in the face with its undeniable facts and figures; and poor Bessie's small photographs were all that stayed off the inevitable battalions of Want! Not a favorable state of things this for poor Mr. Ward's contemplation, when the doctor—by the way, here was another impending bill for the future—tapped his own teeth with the gold head of his cane, and said oracularly, after the manner of fat, middle-aged doctors, "He must keep his mind perfectly quiet; he mustn't be annoyed in the slightest degree, or I'll not answer for the consequences!"

As if grim Circumstance cared for the medical man's proclamation!

"I wouldn't mind it so much," said Mr. Ward, tossing from side to side of his fevered pillows, "if it were not for that story I had promised to write for the 'Burlington Magazine.' It would have brought me in ten guineas."

"Ten guineas would be a very nice sum to have just now," sighed Mrs. Ward, very much in a tone one might use in saying, "The philosopher's stone would be quite handy to have in the house."

"It isn't altogether that," said the invalid, with a little weary inspiration of breath, "but they are very particular people, and apt to take offence if one don't keep one's engagements to the letter. I'm afraid I never shall have any more work on the 'Burlington Magazine!'"

And this was the manner in which Mr. Ward "kept his mind perfectly quiet."

Ida had been standing by her father's bedside the while; with her red berry of a lower lip quivering, and a troubled dew in her eyes. And then she crept away upstairs, as noiselessly as her own pussy-cat, and held secret counsel with Bessie, who was painting photographs in a cold ante-room, lest the smell of the colors should annoy papa. As for two fires, that was altogether out of the question, in the present state of the family finances.

"Nonsense!" said Bessie, painting vigorously away; "nonsense!"

"But I think I could, Bessie," pleaded Ida, earnestly. "I'm almost sure I could. You don't know how much I've scribbled when I have been alone."

"Yes; but a regular story! And for a magazine! Why, they'd laugh at you, child."

"I am used to that," said Ida, meekly, "and I would so like to try, dear Bessie."

"Well, try, then," said Bessie, with a little scornful laugh. "It can't do any harm, I suppose; but, I tell you beforehand, you're only preparing a disappointment for yourself, Ida!"

"And you won't tell any one—not even Nellie or mamma?"

"Of course not, if you don't wish it."

Ida took her little battered portfolio under her arm, and went up-stairs into the attic.

"I can only try," she thought, with her heart beating violently. "It don't seem so very hard to write a story, and if—*if* I should succeed!"

For three days she excluded herself up in the attic, at all the times and seasons she could snatch from attendance upon her father—writing eagerly for a while, then tearing up what she had written, in an agony of despair—sometimes full of hope, and then again marveling at her own wild presumption. But at last the task was completed.

Bessie met her, one evening, prowling through the twilight, more than ever like her own cat, as she returned from one of the numberless errands to the neighboring chemist.

"Where have you been, Ida?" she asked, a little sharply, as wise elder sisters will speak.

"I have just taken my story to the post-office," said Ida, in a whisper.

"Oh, Ida! why didn't you read it to me first?"

"I dared not, Bessie," faltered Ida; "I was so nervous, so frightened!"

"What a goosie it is!" laughed Bessie.

"And how did you manage it?"

"I wrote a little note, saying it was Mr. Ward's story, and that I had copied it for him. Was that very wrong, Bessie? It *was* papa's story, for I had given it to him with all my heart, and I *did* copy it; so you see it was the truth, after all. And I asked them to please send the money or the manuscript back by post next week."

"You'll probably never hear of it again," said Bessie. "I don't say so to be ill-natured, mind, but because I really think so!"

The editors of the "Burlington Magazine" read over the story which had cost poor little Ida so many tears and tribulations, with approval.

"The best thing Ward ever wrote," said Mr. Penn, nodding his Jove-like head.

"A very graceful, feeling little story," said Mr. Syzzers. "It'll be noticed in all the reviews. Write and tell him we want half a dozen more, in the same general vein. He has been a little dry and prosy of late, but I always knew the man had something in him."

"How much?" said Mr. Penn, with his quill suspended in mid-air above the inkstand.

"Oh, twelve guineas, I suppose!" said Syzzers, who was the financial manager. "He'll be raising his prices after a while, and we must economize where we can."

Little Ida fluttered homeward from the post-office and the bank one morning, as if her shabby little shoes had been the swift wings of a feminine Mercury.

"Papa!" she cried, bursting breathlessly into the fire-lighted silence of the sick room, "papa, I've written your story for the 'Burlington Magazine,'" and showering down the twelve sovereigns and the twelve shillings on the bed. "Here's the money—they sent a cheque, which I got cashed—and they want some more in the same style—and——"

And Ida, failing in words for lack of breath, finished her sentence by an avalanche of kisses and tears. While Bessie, who had followed her excited little sister into the room, told the story all over again, and answered the questions that were raised from every quarter.

"Oh, isn't it nice?" cried Nell. "Twelve guineas! and all Ida's own earning!"

"We can pay the grocer now, and have a nice sum left, to buy wine for papa," said Mrs. Ward, gratefully.

And no household fairy, bringing gifts of good to a desolate fireside, was ever more popular than Ida Ward, that evening, in the home circle, where she had always been such a mere cipher.

"'Have we a genius among us?'" quoted Bessie, with a laugh. "My little photographs are entirely thrown in the shade."

"I can take my own time about getting well now," said Mr. Ward, stroking the bright head bowed down on his pillow, "since my little girl can fill my literary chair so well."

"I say, papa and mamma, and all of you," laughed Bessie, "we've made a discovery to-night; we've found out, at last, what Ida is good for."

Years afterwards the successful young authoress remembered the words, as she stood on the lawn of the lovely country house she herself had purchased, and looked back at the picturesque cottage where her father and mother were peacefully ending their days under her loving care. The buried talent had come to light; the hidden seed had germinated into blossom. The world had discovered what Ida Ward was good for.

MODESTY AND PRESUMPTION.—The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

BY ELOISE FRANCIS.

"Oh, Mr. Harris!"—and Willie Delevan's chubby fingers played restlessly with the gentleman's massive chain, while the childish face assumed an expression of wonderful importance—"you ought to have heard Mr. Mathews make love to sister yesterday."

Frank Harris wanted to be honorable; but the boy's prattle was terribly fascinating, and it was only after a hard struggle that he strove to divert the tattler's attention from the subject in hand, to a curious seal-ring on his little finger.

"Yes, it's very pretty," said the child, unconcernedly, after a hasty glance at the article in question. "But Mr. Mathews said lots of sweet things to Nell. He didn't know that I was listening in the shrubs;" and the tiny tell-tale stopped with a triumphant chuckle.

"What did Nellie say?" asked his auditor, forgetting everything in his anxiety to know the reply of his betrothed.

"Well, they walked off just about then, so I didn't hear any more; but Miss Jones says that Nell's dead in love with him, and you ought to be man enough to make her have you. But you *will* make her, won't you? I hate Mr. Mathews, and don't want him for a brother."

Willie Delevan was certainly never intended for a diplomatist, for every word was a stab to the manly heart which, of all others, he least wished to wound, and each sentence a death-blow leveling his own desires; but unconscious of all this, he continued, perseveringly, "She cried last night, and kissed his picture. I saw her. May be she'll cry to-day; but don't you let her off, no matter what she does."

Just then the door opened and Nellie entered, with a winning blush and welcoming smile. Her brother slipped from his perch on his favorite's knee, and walked demurely out of the room.

"What's the matter, Frank? Are you getting ready for a funeral?" asked his lady-love, with a merry laugh, noticing the gloom which overspread his features.

"No, Miss Delevan," he answered, calmly, thinking it best to settle the matter immediately. "But circumstances, unnecessary to explain, render the dissolving of our engagement expedient. Have I your permission to consider it at an end?"

Nellie, innocent of all wrong, and unconscious of her brother's misconstructions, turned very pale, and for a moment stood like one petrified; then, summoning pride to her aid, replied, coldly, "Assuredly, sir. Here is your ring," nervously removing the flashing solitaire. "Your letters I will return as quickly as possible. May I request the same favor?"

"Certainly, Miss Delevan!" and with a courteous "Good morning," Frank Harris departed, striving, with all the might of a noble soul, to stifle his own anguish with thoughts of the happiness he had conferred upon one dearer far than self.

And Nellie! With an aching heart, which neither pride nor indignation could cause, but which both successfully endeavored to conceal, she resumed her unfettered condition, attended different entertainments with her friends, and strove in every way to show Frank Harris her indifference. But the gentleman was seldom present on these occasions; and Dame Rumor, whose inquisitive mind continually manages to discover *something*, reported that his renouncement of society was owing entirely to Nell Delevan, who severed their engagement, and almost broke his heart. She, knowing how false were these explanations, fruitlessly wondered.

"Oh, Mr. Harris!" exclaimed the cause of all this perplexity to our hero one afternoon—some weeks after—while returning from school; "how glad I am to meet you! Where have you been all this time?"

Frank clasped the little fellow's hand cordially, and he continued, without waiting a reply: "I've got a tremendous Newfoundland pup, and was wishing you could see him. I asked sister Nell, last night, where I could send you word about it, but she snapped me up like fun; and ma said she should think Frank might come and see his mother's friend; but old women weren't of any account now-a-days, and—Well, you'll come and see her now, won't you?"

Frank was at first inclined to refuse; but the longing to see Nellie, even though another's, was so intense that he decided to act according to the boy's pleasure.

Nellie was alone in the sitting-room, whither Willie ushered his friend.

"Nell, here's Mr. Harris, come to see my new dog and ma. Where is she?"

The blood rushed to her face in crimson torrents as she bowed to the gentleman, and informed her brother of Mrs. Delevan's absence.

"Well, it's no matter," hastily interrupted the incorrigible. "Just wait here a minute till I get Fido."

And before a word could be interposed, the estranged lovers were left alone.

Nellie determined not to be disconcerted, ventured a remark upon the weather, and an embarrassed conversation ensued, which, to their great satisfaction, was interrupted by Willie's entrance with his canine pet.

"Let me see," he began, musingly, after the animal had been admired to his heart's content. "Why, Mr. Harris, I haven't seen you since—since—since the day I told you not to let that hateful Mr. Mathews marry Nell!"

"Willie!" interrupted his sister, quite reprovingly, while the crimson dyed the very roots of her hair.

"Well, what are you 'Willy'-ing me for? I *did* ask him not to, but might just as well have spared my breath. What do you think, Mr. Harris? Nellie told Miss Jones that she hated that horrid Mr. Mathews, and wouldn't marry him any way—I heard her."

Frank's face was one glow of joy; but Nellie fearing, she scarcely knew what, from her brother's loquacity, said, hastily, "Willie, you had better take Fido into his kennel."

"Yes, in a minute. But, Mr. Harris, that wasn't his picture at all she kissed—t'was yours;" and, snatching up his pet, with a jubilant laugh, he skipped out of the room.

"Nellie," said Frank, advancing to where she stood, "is this so. *Don't* you love Mr. Mathews, and didn't you kiss his picture?"

She looked into his face, all aglow with hopeful love, and trembled.

"Mr. Harris, I consider your queries simply impertinent——"

"Before you condemn," he interrupted, imploringly, "listen. Willie told me that he heard Mr. Mathews declare his love to you, and that evening saw you kiss his picture and cry over it. Could I, who loved you better than life, stand in the way of your happiness? No. So, without giving any reason, I broke off our engagement, and you were free—and I thought happy. Heaven knows my misery!"

Nellie was weeping, but her head was on his shoulder. Just then Willie entered, looked a moment, and, with a low, prolonged whistle left them to their restored happiness.

THE DUTCH DYKE;

OR,

The Little Hero.

BY P. A. FOLEY.

The kingdom of the Netherlands, or, as it is more commonly known, Holland, owes its existence as much to the skill and energy of its people, as to anything else. The surface of a large part of the country is several feet below the level of the sea; and, but for the ingenuity and unceasing vigilance of the government and people, the ocean would soon be sweeping over that thriving country, and it would be blotted from the face of the earth. But by the aid of science and constant labor, dykes, or huge embankments, have been erected along the low, flat coast, by means of which the waves are kept at bay, and the country saved from ruin. These dykes are often sixty feet in height, especially along the shores of the German Ocean, on the west, and those of the Zuyder Zee on the east. The Dutch, taught by experience, are ever on the watch to take advantage of every circumstance to resist the encroachments of the sea. Holland was originally a series of banks of sand or mud, exposed to inundation from the Rhine, and other rivers, as well as from the sea; and thus exhibited a succession of slimy and barren sands. But patient industry, by raising dykes against the sea and rivers, has converted the waste into a smiling garden.

These dams or dykes form the characteristic and most remarkable feature of the Dutch landscape. They are sometimes planted with rows of trees, between which run the canals and roads of the country. At frequent intervals the dykes are surmounted with windmills, the object of which is to pump the water from the enclosed land or polder into the canal.

The most constant care is necessary to keep the dykes in repair; and a sleepless watch is maintained over them at all points. The slightest crevice or crack is at once reported, and workmen are set to repairing it. Not a moment is lost, for every second gained by the water increases the leak until it sometimes sweeps away the dam, and lays miles of country under water, causing a frightful destruction to life and property.

At the present day the dyke system has been brought to such a state of perfection that overflows are of rare occurrence, save during seasons of unusually violent and protracted storms. But a hundred years ago, the low country was almost at the mercy of the sea; for the dams were vastly inferior to those of to-day, and the system of drainage was but imperfectly understood. Then overflows were both frequent and terrible. Sometimes miles of country were laid under water, and thousands of human beings drowned. The greatest of all these disasters occurred nearly six hundred years ago, when the ocean swept away nearly as much land as is contained in Wales, and destroyed many towns, and several thousand human beings and cattle.

At the time of which we write, more than a century ago, the low country was in constant danger, and the season of storms was always a period of dread and anxiety to the people. Many were the tales which were told at winter firesides by the old folk, of dangers incurred and lucky escapes made in moments of peril from the waters, until even the little children came to think of the sea with a feeling of horror and dread, and to regard it as their mortal enemy. Indeed, we may say that the people were in a state of constant suspense, which may have done much to give them the patient courage which they have transmitted to their descendants. Mothers would clasp their little ones to their breast, and wonder if they would ever grow to manhood and womanhood, or how long it would be before the cruel sea would rise in its wrath, and sweep them all into one common grave. Every one, therefore, watched the dykes; and the government always felt assured that whether the agents were faithful or not, the vigilance of the people never slept, and that any danger would be detected at once.

In the year 1759, there lived on the shore of the German Ocean, in the Province of North Holland, a poor fisherman by the name of Dirk Dauncker. He had a family of young children, the usual accompaniment of a poor man's lot; but he was lucky in having a wife who made the best of their humble condition, and spared no effort to brighten and cheer her good man in his labors. The Dauncekers were honest, God-fearing people, and were respected by all the community. Yet they were very poor, and it was with difficulty that they could procure their daily store of bread and cheese. The sea supplied them with fish; but of meat they had none.

Dirk Daunecker's ancestors had been fishermen before him, and some had found a last resting-place in the blue waters which had supplied their daily wants in life. His father had perished in an inundation twenty years before, and he himself had narrowly escaped being drowned. It had left a vivid impression upon his mind, and he shuddered to think of it, though a score of years had elapsed since then. He had six children, four boys and two girls, all as pale-faced and moon-eyed as the most ardent Hollander could have desired. They were remarkably good, sensible children—the oldest being just sixteen, and the youngest about seven—and their parents were as proud as they were fond of them.

The fourth child, Hans by name, was the mother's pet. He was just ten years old, and had a sweet, wistful face, such as any painter would have been eager to transfer to canvas. He was a quiet, thoughtful child, and, though warm-hearted, was undemonstrative. At the first glance you would have thought him effeminate; but, upon a closer examination of the features, you could but think that the grave, firm lips, which were strongly marked in one so young, were true indices of determination and courage of the highest order.

Little Hans loved to listen to the stories which his father would tell of the dangers of a fisherman's life; but best of all to those which related to the terrible inroads of the sea upon his native land. He pondered over them gravely, and often spoke to his parents of them. Sometimes his father, smiling at his wise remarks, would say, "My little Hans, when you are a big man like me, you will be a fisherman, and sail my boat."

But Hans would reply, gravely, "No; when I am a man I shall ask the king to let me watch the dykes, and I will keep back the sea, and save my country from suffering any sorrow."

Young as he was, Hans watched the dykes. Every day, and every night before he said his prayers and went to bed, he would go out to the dyke in front of his father's hut and examine it carefully; and as soon as he was up in the morning he would repeat the search. His mother watched him, wistfully, but said nothing. Yet she never ceased to fear that the sea would take him from her.

The winter that brought little Hans' tenth birthday was a wild and stormy season. Such a constant and unbroken succession of gales had not been known in the German Ocean for a century. The king sent orders to the low countries to watch the dams with ceaseless care; and an increased force was stationed along the coast with orders to be in readiness to repair any sluice at a moment's warning. Night and day a watch was kept all along the coast.

But the best watchman there was little Hans Daunecker. He went his rounds regularly, and his eye never passed over a square inch of the embankment without ascertaining thoroughly its condition.

One night, about midwinter, a wild storm was passing along the coast. It was a fearful storm, and had been raging with unabated violence for three days.

"It's a bad time," said Dirk Daunecker, gloomily. "If the dykes can stand this, we need fear nothing else."

The mother looked at little Hans, but he said nothing, and sat with his eyes fixed dreamily on the fire. Presently he arose, and went into the outer room. There he wrapped himself in his warm coat, and lit his father's lantern. He was leaving the house, when his mother, who had followed him silently, laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Where are you going, child?" she asked.

"To look at my dyke, mother," he replied.

"On such a night as this?"

"I could not sleep, mother, unless I did so. I must do my little work for 'home and fatherland.'"

The mother could not refuse him; so she laid her hand on his head, and said, tenderly, "May heaven bless thee and keep thee, child."

Then little Hans went out into the storm. He soon reached what he called his post; and found everything safe and secure. Something, he knew not what, urged him to go beyond his usual walk, and he kept on towards the north, flashing his lantern along the side of the dyke, and examining the earth wall with anxious eyes. He was very cold; but he could not turn back. Something kept urging him onward—onward.

He had been walking for more than an hour when he suddenly paused, and bent down towards the ground with a cry of alarm. The water was flowing in through a small opening, scarce half an inch in diameter, but as the child watched he could see that it was gradually growing larger.

His first impulse was to return home and give the alarm; but he reflected that the opening in the dyke would grow larger every moment, and that it might be too late to check the water when his father arrived. Something must be done at once, and he must do it.

He put down his lantern, and with his little hands tried to scrape together earth enough to stop the leak. The cold was so intense, and the ground so hard, that he made little or no progress; and the terrible opening in the dyke grew larger every moment. Little Hans shuddered, and then paused in perplexity and distress. Then, without hesitating longer, he tore off his warm coat, and rolling it up like a wad, pressed it against the crevice. The water forced it away, however, and the boy found that in order to stop the current he must hold it there with all his strength.

He had a brave heart, but it sank when he saw this; for he knew that it would compel him to remain at his post all night, unless assistance came to him, and he feared that he would freeze to death in the storm. He hoped, however, that his mother would miss him and search for him. Yet he knew that if aid did not come soon his strength would not be equal to the task of sustaining his life through the night. Still he was determined to make the effort, for he knew if the sea broke through, his parents and brothers and sisters would be drowned, and all the country round about destroyed.

So the child seated himself on the ground, and pressed with all his might against the opening with his thick coat. Soon he felt that the water ceased to flow through. Yet it took all his strength of will and body, all his courage, to sustain him, for he was growing numb with the cold, and was suffering greatly. His pains increased every moment, and then it ceased, and then he felt a dreamy, pleasant languor steal over him. He seemed to hear strains of sweet music and voices crying, "Blessed child! God has blessed thee, little Hans!" It was very sweet, and he wondered what had become of the cold and storm, but he never relaxed his grasp on the opening.

* * * * * *

When the morning dawned it found Dirk Daunemaker and his wife searching drearily for their child along the dyke, for the storm was dying away, and the sun was coming out again.

"Alas!" sobbed the mother, "he has perished in the storm; and when he left me, I asked heaven to bless him!"

The father paused, and a great cry escaped his lips.

"Look, wife!" he cried. "Has not heaven blessed our boy? See! he has made him the savior of our country!"

Yes, there lay little Hans, his form stiff and rigid and his face pinched and pale, but with his hands pressed tightly against his coat, which was now frozen to the dyke. Even in death the child had not relaxed his grasp upon the coat; and, as he had fallen upon it in dying, his weight had kept it, pressed against the opening until it froze there.

Heaven had indeed blessed him, for he had made the child the means of saving the province from destruction.

WE are not merely working, intellectual machines, but social puzzles, whose solution is the work of a life.

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BLOCKLEY MOOR.—A novel, by J. W. L. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Received from Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE ORPHAN'S TRIALS; OR, ALONE IN A GREAT CITY.—By Emerson Bennett. This is a thrilling story of border life, of prairie scenes, and Indian warfare, and one of the best novels that this well-known author has ever written. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.—By Mrs. C. J. Newby. A story of English rural life and of fashionable London society; not what might be called sensational, but readable and entertaining. Received from T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

LORD OF HIMSELF.—By Francis H. Underwood. This is a story, which though as a whole is purely fiction, has a foundation and parallel in actual events, and the author claims it to be a faithful picture of life and manners as they were in Kentucky, before the late civil war. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Received from Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

NOTES ON THE CHINESE.

The Chinese are a reading people, and the number of their published works is very considerable. In the departments of morals, history, biography, the drama, poetry and romance, there are no lack of writings, such as they are. The Chinese "Materia Medica" comprises forty octavo volumes; of statistical works, the number is very large. Their novels are excellent pictures of the national manners. China is full of books; new authors are continually springing up; the press active, and the traffic in books is a lucrative and most honorable branch of trade. When examinations take place in the capital or the palace, the most clever students are chosen to fill the office of bookmakers. There are, however, few really new works, and all that appear are compilations and quotations, the author never venturing an idea of his own; and in this consists true learning, according to Chinese notions. There is one work in the Royal Library, on the topography of China, which consists of five thousand volumes; some of the best translators that have had access to some extracts from this giant were sadly disappointed, as it appears to be a mass of confusion, without any attempt at order or proper arrangement. There are numerous small treatises, similar to our tracts, gratuitously distributed by private individuals, inculcating morality and virtue. Printing is cheaper in China than in Europe, when ten volumes, each containing four hundred pages, can be purchased for less than a guinea. Every peasant and the poorest fisherman can read and write. Private and public schools are numerous in every province, and entirely independent of government. Occasionally an examiner visits all schools to ascertain the qualifications of the teachers.

LITIGATION.—No man is so full of business as he who has a law-suit, and no man does so little. He attends to nothing. "From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," and through the long gloom of night, he is full of it. It is his waking dream by day, and sleeping vision at night. It is going on, or it is not going on; he has to produce more papers, or he has brought forward all the papers that can be produced—each is a sufficient cause for thinking and speaking of it to the exclusion of all things besides. He is like a musical snuff-box that only plays one tune; you can get nothing but that out of him. It is a grief due to every breast, in his imagination; and upon every breast that he can hold by the button he mercilessly inflicts it. He is restless, fidgetty, nervous, cross, exalted, depressed—happy and miserable, in delight and despair, by turns, and is forever "ringing the world with a vain stir." Tell him of the most "barbarous murder" that ever was committed, even on the body of an infant—ay, even though it be the child of his best friend—and the only effect you produce is to make him speak of law-courts and law-suits in general, and his own law-suit in particular.

HAPPY is the man who is an early riser. Every morning day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom, and purity, and freshness. The youth of Nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. We doubt if any man can be called old so long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And (oh, youth! take our word for it) youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepit, ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains and the dew sparkling upon blossoming hedge-rows.

OUR IMMEDIATE FUTURE demands thought: our earth is filled with gunpowder—like the age of the migration of nations, ours prepares itself for spiritual and political migrations, and, under all State buildings, temples and institutions, the earth quakes.

A MAN can stand an occasional little dispute with his wife; but a long, gloomy, tearful after-sulking on her part will, like a sirocco-wind, blow out at last all his lights, thoughts and joys, and, in the end, the light of life itself.

SOME people look at everything, yet really see nothing.

Curing versus Cobbling.

There are many medicines that give transient relief in sickness without touching the source and seat of the complaint. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not one of these. The great tonic and restorative does not cobble the diseased and enfeebled system. It is not a mere palliative, that only temporarily controls a few unpleasant symptoms. No; its invigorating, regulating, restorative principle penetrates to the very source of the difficulty in the fluids and solids of the body, and hence its cures are radical and thorough. In dyspepsia it strengthens the stomach, in liver complaint it regulates the flow of bile, in constipation it promotes a punctual habit of body, in nervous ailments it tones the sentients and motive fibres, in rheumatism it counteracts pain, and in cases of general debility rehabilitates the emaciated frame.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG. 4TH A.D. 1821

Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, August 1, 1874.

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Among the Ducks.
Aloise Senefelder.
ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS.
CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

OURSELVES—VOLUME 54.

The first number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST appeared on the 4th day of August, 1821. With this issue we present to our many readers and friends the initial number of Volume 54. For *fifty-three years* the POST has been a welcome visitor in thousands of dwellings scattered throughout our broad land; during which period many of the most prominent writers, of both this country and England, have contributed to its columns, and not a few of them owe to its agency their reputation and success.

In commencing the new Volume it is proper that we should acknowledge the kindly greetings and substantial encouragement with which the present management has been received, and to indicate briefly our course for the future. Without indulging in vague promises, preferring rather to be judged by results, we shall use every reasonable effort to place the POST in a position to speak fully, and we hope, satisfactorily for itself. Avoiding all *isms* and the discussion of any and all topics of political or theological contention, we shall endeavor to furnish whatever the printed page can convey of pleasure or profit.

The best writers procurable will contribute to the columns of the POST, and while its Serials will be such as may be enjoyed and read with pleasurable excitement by all classes of readers, nothing which panders to an unhealthy and unnatural appetite for exaggerated and over-drawn fiction will be among its contents. Those who may not care to read continued stories will find in each number from ten to fifteen completed Tales, Sketches and Essays, covering a wide range of literature, and each the best of its kind. In addition thereto we call attention to our Special Departments, to wit: Correspondents' Bureau, in which *all* will be received on a footing of equal courtesy; The Boudoir—with its Fashion Notes and Queries; Facetiæ, with whatever is bright and humorous; The Reviewer—notices of new publications; Receipts—general and domestic; and—not forgetting the little ones and their big friends—The Fairies' Column and Our Own Sphinx—presenting altogether a fund of instruction and entertainment—which we hope to increase and improve in each and every issue.

A word in reference to the mechanical department of the POST and we are done. The new dress in which this number appears is the best evidence of the completeness of our own office, and the skill of the craftsmen therein employed—with which facilities we shall present a journal not excelled, typographically, by any of its kind.

EARLY EFFUSIONS.

It is our belief that writers, more than other artists, love retrospectively to linger in the mingled sunshine and shade of their early aspirations, early failures, and their early successes, such as these may be. "Affectionate self" stands more thoroughly embodied in the creations of the pen than in the achievements of any other wooer of art; and hence the tenderness, forbearance, patience and long suffering extended so generously to the crudest and most imbecile of all these brain children of poet and romancist.

Burns says of one of his own performances in composition:—"It was done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity, unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of the wicked world. The performance is indeed very puerile and silly; but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest and my tongue was sincere."

Shenstone believed what the present writer does—and more. Hear him:

"Pleasing when youth is long expired to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen designed!
Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face;
Such the soft image of our youthful mind."

We think it was Sir John Hunter who said that every one attaining to a degree of respectability in his vocation in life, should publish a "book of blots;" not solely, perhaps, to warn off shoals and quicksands in the way, but to give the aid of sympathy in the missteps that are inevitable, and from which no predecessor's experience hath power to deliver.

A BRIGHT and beautiful bird is Hope; it will come to us mid the darkness, and sings the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibres of our heart that grief has been tearing away.

"SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD."

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

Dear Woman is the dream of life,
Adorned with every winning art,
As mother, daughter, sister, wife,
She melts the soul, she charms the heart.
Without her, what were lordly man?—
A ruinless cloud—a fruitless tree—
A world without a sun—a plan
That ever incomplete must be.
Her fost'ring care, devotion, love,
Seem inspirations from above.

In childhood's hour, beside her chair
She calls each fragile form;
She clasps our tiny hands in prayer,
Safe-sheltered from the storm.
Yet man, ungrateful man, the dart
Of falsehood hurls with skill;
And when he's won a woman's heart
He seeks its love to kill.
Her lot is to be tried: though pure
To sigh, to suffer and endure.

Oh, Mothers of a race unborn,
'Tis yours to speak those grand decrees
That herald in the Promised Morn,
The waiting world's Hesperides.
Ye are the moulds of heroes strong,
Who guard and glorify our isles;
The seas in song shall roll along
Beneath the splendor of your smiles.
The Beautiful and Good shall reign,
And Sinless Eden bloom again.

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

BY JENNY DARE.

September, 1866.—My strawberry bed is planted at last. The wiseacres of my acquaintance shake their heads over it. "You should have planted the 'Wilson,'" they say; "but it is just like a woman to take up with every new-fangled notion that comes along."

My good friends, I am not to be intimidated at this time of day. Thank my stars, I am over the scary time of the disease.

Mr. Jellaby's muddle was nothing to mine at first starting out.

I did not find safety in a multitude of counsellors, but doubt, dismay, despair, and all the rest of the dire d's double-distilled. After weary weeks of tossing on the sea of uncertainty I am anchored at last.

On the "Agriculturist" I stake my hopes; to it I vow allegiance; for it I am ready to do battle.

October.—My strawberry bed consists of one hundred plants, set in rows two feet apart and one foot apart in the row. I hoe once a week, and apply liquid manure after each hoeing. After the middle of this month I shall stop cultivating.

I don't believe there is a single weed or blade of grass in the entire bed. Runners I treat the same as weeds—snip them off as soon as seen.

November.—Have just come in from covering my strawberry bed; used corn-stalks, laid on pretty thick. My occupation's gone; I can do no more now until spring. I have never enjoyed anything so much as working among my plants. I wonder I never tried gardening before; I had no idea how delightful it is.

How shall I live through the dreary winter!

January, 1867.—My strawberry pots have been rained on, and snowed on, and frozen, and unfrozen, until one would think the last spark of vitality must be extinct. But no, they are alive and well. I just drew down one corner of their corn-husk comfortable to see how they were getting along, when, lo! a green head peered out, cheerful and bright. It was better than a sermon on faith and patience.

April 6, 1867.—Have been in the garden all day. Uncovered strawberry and asparagus beds; pulled up grass where it had crept into the beds along the sides. Did not remove the corn-stalks and husks from the strawberry beds; just opened them about the crown of the plants. Shall let them remain to keep the fruit off the ground.

I wonder why women don't garden?

Whatever the reason may be, the fact is they have fought shy of gardens ever since that piece of business in the first garden, of which we have any account.

For my part, I think it is just as bad to eat apples after somebody has hooked them for you as it is to steal them; but to eat, and then go and tell! Really, if the men are not ashamed to see an apple tree, I don't think the women need be.

April 20, 1867.—The first strawberry blossom! But, alas! it is not mine; and after all my petting, too! Well, ingratitude is not confined to human nature it seems.

A. tells me I work among my vines too much. He has not touched his beds this spring; has not pulled a weed even. But I cannot think that a pure aristocrat like the strawberry—first cousin to Queen Rose herself—can like to be crowded up with a host of vulgar weeds; but—there is that pure star shining out of a tangle of leaves and grass. What does it mean?

April 25.—I thought the runners would start first thing in the spring, and I was ready for a race with them, but A. says they don't grow much until the fruit is off. That is very considerate on the part of the runners, for the weeds keep me busy at present. I have been fighting them all day. I had to move the mulch to get at them, too; but I put it back again. The "Agriculturist" is queen of the whole strawberry plantation; her robes are the fullest and greenest, but leaves alone are not a profitable crop. A. congratulates me on my fine prospects of a bountiful harvest of them. Since the advent of that little snow-clad harbinger my philosophical calm has been often ruffled. Before that I was content—the present was all-sufficing—but now I am harassed by doubts and fears. What if my strawberries should not even blossom?

Horrid suggestion of the evil one!

May 4.—At last! Ah! how lovely they are. Just four pure white blossoms; but there are buds in plenty. I am perfectly happy.

First the leaf, then the bud and blossom, and in good time the fruit; that is, if King Frost be willing; he is growing such a tyrant.

May 7, 1867.—I have changed my opinion about the peacefulness of rural life. I begin to think it is quite as harassing as Wall street.

Yesterday the chickens got out, and of course no place on the whole farm would suit them for a dust-hole and hunting-ground but my strawberry bed. They scattered the corn-stalks in every direction and had half uprooted several vines before I saw them. To-day I discovered an army of ants feeding on one of my choicest plants.

May 9.—I have heard of an antidote for the ants; it is common salt sprinkled over their hills. I have applied it wherever I saw a sign of them. To-day I found a queer white worm with black spots on his head, and I suspect he eats strawberry roots, for the vine in whose vicinity I found him is dying. I have laid him away to show to A. when he comes in to supper.

May 10.—When A. came in last evening I told him about my discovery, with the added information that the entomological curiosity was put away in a close box for him to look at.

"Bring it along," said he, and I brought it along, held at arm's length. "That thing! why it's nothing but a common grub."

"And does it eat anything else besides strawberry roots?" I meekly queried.

"To be sure; it eats everything, from iron-clads to strawberries."

June 17.—I found a few ripe berries this morning, the first. Ah! how beautiful they are. A.'s were ripe a week ago; they are an earlier variety than mine. The vines are so full the berries seem to lie in piles. I never saw anything like it. It would not be possible for another berry to find room on some of the vines, it seems to me, and many of them are very large. In a week they will be at their best, then I shall invite Cousin Eve to come and see them. She has quizzed me not a little about my strawberry mania.

June 22.—At sight of my strawberry bed Cousin Eve instantly turned into a huge exclamation point. She vows the half had not been told, and says my enthusiasm is quite natural. We had berries for tea, of course, and all pronounced them excellent. I have enjoyed my riches much; it is so nice to be able to make presents of little fairy fruit baskets piled high with luscious berries, and when admiration is at its height to say, "I raised them myself."

July 10.—The salt has driven away the ants, but still I cannot conscientiously recommend its use. To be sure, the ants are gone, but—the vines are quite dead.

OVERBOARD.

BY J. A. LONSDALE.

Eight days after leaving the meridian of Cape Agulhas, and while in the latitude of Port Natal, an accident befel me which was very near bringing my sailor life to a summary termination. We had not yet reached the region of the south-east trade wind, being in the latitude of the northwesterly currents, and were crossing the southern extremity of the region where, at that season of the year, might be expected those fierce, whirling blasts known as the "Mauritius hurricanes." The captain, the evening of the day above mentioned, thought best to shorten sail. The topgallant-sails were furled, and the yards sent on deck; the topsails double-reefed, and everything made ready for taking in the courses and close-reefing if necessary. The starboard watch was on from six to eight; but, instead of turning in at that time, I remained up to hear John Long spin one of his yarns.

On the present occasion the boatswain commenced to give us one of his fairy tales; and I will remark that no collection of little children ever listened with more eager and appreciative interest to these simple tales of fairy land than did those old sailors.

John began to tell of a poor girl who was brought up in a deep, dark forest by a widowed mother, and who was beloved by a handsome youth. The youth was humble and poor, but brave and honorable, and the maiden had promised to be his wife. Then came along a wicked king, who was fascinated by the maiden's beauty, and who sought to steal her away from her home. The king had just made a bargain with two desperate robbers to steal away poor Kitty, when the wind, which had been blowing quite steadily from the northwest, suddenly died away, and the sails began to flap against the masts. I looked over the quarter-rail to see if we were making any headway, which can be detected at night by the phosphorescent sparkling of the water, and as I drew back my head came in contact with a swab which had been hung upon one of the mizzen backstays, and my cap was knocked off. Without stopping to think I jumped upon the rail, and was upon the point of coming back, giving up my cap as lost, when a sharp cry from Drake caused me to turn my head, and I saw the spanker-boom coming towards me. The whiffing wind, helped by a heavy swell, had caught the spanker upon the other side, and the boom was jibing. If I had attempted to jump, I should have jumped against the boom. The only thing I could do was to stoop, and that I did; but I was not quick enough. The ponderous boom struck me upon the shoulder, and I had a sense of being hurled into the air—of flying through a dark space, and of plunging into the water!

I cannot tell how long it was—it could not have been many seconds—when I recovered my senses; and my first thought was of the harm I had sustained from the blow of the boom; for, instinctively, I felt that my deliverance must depend, first of all, upon my being able to hold myself above water. For an instant I experienced a thrill of gratitude when I found that the shock had not harmed me. My arms and legs were sound and serviceable, and that was something. My situation was a fearful one—one calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart, but I was not paralyzed. My next thought, after I had assured myself that my limbs were unharmed, was of the precautions I had heard old sailors give to be taken by those who might find themselves overboard at sea. First, to remove my shoes, because they would not only impede the movements of my feet, but they were a cumbersome burden. I managed to get them off without the use of my hands. Next, to take off my jacket, and then my frock; for these, though not cumbersome at first, must very soon be as "the last ounce upon the camel's back." These are very simple movements to tell about, but I do assure you they were difficult of accomplishment in the situation in which I then found myself. Dear reader, were you ever overboard at sea? If you were not, then I fear I shall be unable to give you any adequate idea of the sensation. Simply being in the water is but a very small part of it; but when you understand that the seas were heavy—bearing me up and down from crest to trough, full five-and-twenty feet at every surge—the breaking tops dashing me under and blinding me every few seconds—now deep down in a dark chasm—now up, up where the wind hurled the spray into my face—when you remember this, you can comprehend that my position at that time was not an enviable one.

It was not until I had succeeded in divesting myself of my heavier articles of clothing that I perceived that which struck a deadly terror to my soul. The puff of wind which had caused the spanker-boom to jibe had been a regular squall, striking the ship abaft the beam, and sending her swiftly away from me. But I could not bestow much attention upon the ship. I knew they would heave her to as soon as they could, and meantime I must look for the life-buoys, for of course they had not forgotten to cast one or more of them overboard. If I could find one, I might hold myself up. If I could not find one—oh! I dared not think of it! How long could I hold out as I was then? Not long! not long! I was growing dizzy and faint, and the salt water which I had swallowed very soon made me sick.

Hark! I heard the tinkling of a bell! There was a life-buoy near me. Our ship had been supplied with two buoys with three brass bells attached to each, and so arranged that not more than two of them could be under water at the same time. I heard the tinkling again—and again; and, when I had made sure of the direction, I struggled that way. Soon I was upon the crest of a mighty wave, when the tinkling again sounded upon my ear; and, on the next instant, I saw a dark object upon the top of the next sea just revealed against the leaden sky. With all my might I struck out, struggling to prevent the sea from bearing me away; and as I began to arise again, I felt a solid substance touch my elbow. I made a grasp, and caught one of the becketes—caught it, and held it—and the life-buoy was mine! I had strength enough to find the lanyards, and to make them secure, and then I threw myself upon the buoy for rest; for I was so nearly exhausted that a sort of vertigo seized me, and for a time my head swam and I was dizzy and wholly blind. But after a while my senses returned, and I began to breathe quite freely.

"Surely," I thought to myself, "there is a Providence in this, and I am not to be forsaken!"

I had gained this help at just the moment when it was needed, for I know that I could not have held myself against another of those heavy seas. There is a weakening, dying sensation in sinking so suddenly from the crest to the trough of a heavy sea which I cannot explain. The uprising is nothing. Up, up, up—away up to the towering summit of a sea—and one takes a struggling breath, the mouth closed against the nauseating flood, and the nostrils filled with water—and then as the billow sweeps on, down the poor victim sinks, down into the dark, dismal abyss, the heart lifted to the throat, and the brain reeling, while a nameless dread possesses every thought and feeling—a dread of being swallowed up—of sinking, to rise no more! I had borne all I could bear when the buoy came to me; and if this succor had come, should the rest now fail me? It seemed to me then, in the first moments of my deep gratitude, that heaven had not been thus kind to forsake me in the end.

I had sense enough, after I had lashed myself to the buoy, to keep my mouth and nostrils closed against the water; and as soon as I had recovered somewhat of my sense and strength, I looked for the ship; but I looked in vain. From the summit of the next sea I swept the horizon round about, but her spars did not appear anywhere against the sky. But I would not despair. If the wind had driven her away she would come back. By the log the captain could tell just where I had been lost, and he could work back to that point in time. But there was one consideration that was fraught with painful longings and most bitter regrets. Had the accident happened later at night my chances would have been better. As it was, I had nearly the whole of the night before me—a night dark and threatening, with every prospect of a gale before morning. If the gale should come before I was discovered, my fate was sealed. Again and again, as I was borne aloft on the tops of the seas, did I stretch my eyes in every direction for a glimpse of the ship; but only the same dull, leaden line met my view, broken by the hazy crests of the heaving billows, which were bearing me farther and farther away from the point where I had fallen.

In that hour how thankful I was that my mother had taught me to pray; for I could now, in my mortal danger, raise my supplicating voice to heaven without the coward's fear, and without hypocrisy. Oh, how I prayed that the ship might come in sight! Even were I to die, it would be a relief to rest my gaze once more upon the grand old spars and sails of my ocean home.

"Thank heaven, oh, my soul!" I cried, as a dark jagged mass appeared between me and the horizon. Down again into the dark chasm; and when the next sea bore me aloft, I saw the top-hamper of the ship, and I thought she was standing towards me. I cried out at the top of my voice—cried until I sank into the gulf—and then waited the next view.

But if I thanked heaven when I saw the ship, the reader may imagine what my sensations of hope and praise must have been when, upon coming to the top of the next wave, I heard my name pronounced in eager, lusty tones. I saw that the ship had a light at her masthead, and nearer to me I saw a dim glare, as though a torch, or a lantern, were just being swallowed up in the sea. It was a boat just sinking into the trough. It must have been that. I sent back an answering shout, and then down I went. When next I came up, the glare of a torch flashed into my eyes, and upon the very billow before me I saw the boat and the forms of stout men bending to their oars. I shouted, and they heard me; and as I plunged down into the deep trough the glad huzzas of my shipmates sounded in my ears. I was rising—rising slowly and steadily—upon the bosom of the rolling mass of water, when I felt something strike my shoulder and grate upon my side. I put forth my hand, and found it to be a rope. I seized it and caught a turn around my right arm, and then shouted with all my might; and while yet the shout was upon my lips I looked down from my perch upon the crest of the sea, and saw the boat in the trough below me.

There was a shock—a plunging as though I had been knocked backward from the summit of the sea—a sense of pain—a ringing in my ears, mingled with the sound of confused voices—another shock—confusion a thousand times confused—a sickening, dizzy sensation—a whirling of the brain as though my head were a top—a sinking, sinking, sinking—and then came a sense of icy coldness through every part, and all was dark and silent. It seemed to me that I was sinking down into the ocean, and the thought came to me with a touch of calm repose, "This is death!"

When I came to myself I was in the ship's cabin, and our old cook, Bob Norse, was bending over me. I heard a terrific uproar, and I felt that drops of water were striking upon my face. I was sore and stiff, and my whole body ached. As soon as I recognized the interior of the cabin and the parchment-like features of the cook, I raised myself to a sitting posture, when I felt that the old ship was being hurled about in the most reckless and uncouth manner.

"How are you, sir, now?"

Yes—it was Bob's voice, and I was safe.

"Bob, how long have I been here?"

"Not over half an hour, sir."

"And what is the matter on deck?"

"We've been struck by one o' them Mauritius hurricanes. By Jove, you're lucky! B'posin' you'd been in the water now, eh, sir?"

I gazed a moment into the cook's face—then listened to the dread voice of the howling tempest, and heard the sea breaking in fury over the stout ship—and then I reverently folded my hands, and thanked heaven for its infinite mercy!

GETTING MARRIED.

BY AUNT JEMIMA.

Girls, don't think you have reached the sum and substance of earthly bliss when you can write Mrs. before your name. To be sure, it is all very proper, as well as pleasant, to have a house and husband of one's own, provided that one is old enough to take care of the same; but simply to get married, is only a small part of the plan designed by our Creator for our wisdom and happiness.

To most girls, their wedding day is a day of emancipation from care; a joyful beginning of a new state of existence; of life without a shade of grief or aught to mar its perfect harmony. It is so pleasant to be the one idol of a true heart, no wonder that the young girl sees everything through rose-colored spectacles. But, after all, it is as well to remember that others before her have entered the matrimonial state, and found it to be one of care, doubt and anxiety. And they were women as good as the best.

It is this mistake that so many women make at the commencement of married life. They take no thought of their duties towards another, nor remember all are erring creatures, and their idol no less clay than others, only that their love has made it gold. They expect freedom from care in married life, but they have only given up their freedom, and commenced life's cares in earnest. Then, after the first excitement of being "the bride," and "observed of all observers," has passed away, comes the settling down to real, actual life, and the young wife must needs learn to eat, drink, sleep, visit, and receive visitors; these are parts of her duties as before; while, in addition to her domestic cares, she must learn to adapt her temper and disposition to another's views, and learn the beautiful lesson of self-denial if she expects perfect peace.

Poets may sing of love's young dream and life in a cottage, but practical people will tell you how much more real is love's awakening and a comfortable house. It is this very dream of love that breaks so many hearts. If woman dreamed less of love, and accepted its wide-awake reality, there would be less disappointment and more real happiness. Not until the couple have left off the dream and turned to the joys of real love and life, do they understand how perfect love may make the heart's peace; but, alas! too often the awakening comes after the spirit has flown. So take my advice, girls, and if you are fortunate enough to get a steady, honorable man for a husband, don't spoil your chance of happiness by mistaken views. Look upon "getting married" as only a part of your mission.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Few things in the lives of young men are so impressive, or so full of valuable suggestions, as their frequent laments over lost opportunities for mental or moral culture.

In his autobiography, Sir Walter Scott says: "If it should ever fall to the lot of any youth to peruse this piece, let such a youth remember it is with the greatest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities for learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Edmund Burke grew wise in this respect while it was not too late to retrieve the most of his errors and losses, for before his youth was entirely past, he wrote to a friend: "What would I give to have my spirits a little more settled! I am too giddy; this is the bane of my life; it hurries me from my studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarcely the bottom of any."

Washington Irving, when giving counsel to a young friend, exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart: "How many an hour of hard labor and study have I had to subject myself to, to atone in a slight degree for the hours that I have suffered society to cheat me out of."

Even De Quincy, the last man in the world that we should have suspected of having wasted a moment of his daily life, laments more than once his "neglect of that mental and moral cultivation" which he regards as the "noblest of human pursuits." On one occasion, he says: "I resolve, therefore, to be more circumspect, to board my moments with a more thrifty spirit—to listen to the suggestions of indolence, and so quicken that spirit of intellectual improvement to which I devote my life."

It will do young men good to ponder well the lesson to be learned from these confessions.

WAIT AND HOPE.—How much is contained in those words! How many people wait, when they see plank after plank slip slowly but surely from under their tired feet! Then, one by one, their hopes are destroyed, and their false friends turn indifferently away from them in the hour of need. Still, with unconquerable spirits, they wait for better days, trusting with unfailing trust that those days will come. And they will.

THE human heart is made for love, as the household hearth for fire; and for truth, as the household lamp for light.

WE learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

NEWS OF INTEREST

CRANDELIERS, with candles in them, are the last pretty things for ear-rings.

THE new Chicago lake tunnel is euphemistically called "another sublacustrine source of aqua pura for the million."

THE German Imperial Navy consisted last year of forty-one steamers, of 87,000 tons and 8,600 horse-power, manned by 8,500 men and boys.

IN a recent case of "breach of promise," where heavy damages were expected, the only proof of "particular attentions" was the dividing of an orange and giving the lady half!

THE home of the cactus family appears to be in Southern Arizona. Here the grand cactus (*cereus giganteus*) is from thirty feet to forty feet high, and from three feet to four feet in diameter.

THE Cunard Company employ 6,000 men, "all told," and their fleet consists of 40 steamers, of 90,000 tons and 15,000 horse-power. Throughout last year they shipped and discharged 42,000 sailors.

IT is stated that, while the President exercises the authority to make or unmake thirteen hundred Postmasters, the Postmaster General can do the same thing by between thirty-four and thirty-five thousand.

TAMBERLIK, the tenor, is reported to be so particular about his food that he takes his cook along with him on all his travels. The latter alone, of all mankind, can prepare maccaroni to suit the tenor's fastidious palate.

A "MIRAGE" occured on the 2d ult. in front of the Catskill Mountain House, on which occasion the hotel was perfectly reflected in the surrounding clouds, and individuals standing on the porches could see themselves expanded to Brobdignagian size and enveloped in a halo of glory.

THE manager of the White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier county, West Virginia, can claim originality, if nothing else. His map of the springs, done up in the finest green, just received by us, is well calculated to attract the verdant, who find shady walks and abrupt turns marked in a most suggestive manner. Entering Lovers' Walk the lovers soon take a turn by the left flank into the walk marked Hesitancy, from which there is no exit. They must then make a detour of half a mile into Louisiana Row, from which they can enter the Acceptance Way to Paradise. At the end of the latter they can turn to the right into Rejection Avenue, where the victim receives his dismissal, or to the left, through Courtship Maze to Lover's Rest, where he can be accepted, and, after kissing, pass through Lover's Leap, from which it is supposed the victim will take his final plunge into matrimony and abandon the White Sulphur for something better.

COMETS.—Comets are not exactly calculated to inspire in the human heart feelings of confidence as to our general safety. In all times they have been regarded with dread. Particularly was this the case a century and a half ago, when a renowned astrologer predicted that a comet would appear on Wednesday, 14th of October, 1712, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the Friday following. His reputation was high, and the comet appeared. A number of persons got into the boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place. South Sea and India stock fell. A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered. At noon, after the comet had appeared, it is said that more than one hundred clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth to request that proper prayers might be prepared, there being none in the church service. People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and some acted on this belief, sure as if some temporary evil was to be expected. There was a prodigious run on the bank, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time the head director, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good lookout, and have a particular eye upon the Bank of England.

A CHINESE JUBILEE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The opening of the new Chinese Theatre, on Jackson street, was celebrated, a few days ago, by a banquet, given under the auspices of eminent heathen interested in this very laudable histrionic enterprise, at the Chinese restaurant, on the corner of Jackson street and Washington alley, known as the Choy Yau Low. The illustrious Dr. Li-po-tai officiated as master of ceremonies, and among the guests were something less than a score of prominent Christian gentlemen. The feast was very elaborately laid out, and included over a dozen courses and viands beyond enumeration. All the national dishes of China were laid before the guests, exquisitely prepared, and some procured at great expense. There was the delicious bird-nest soup, salads of sharks' fins, strangled pigeons, sun-dried sardines, pummelled devil-fish served with milk and molasses, pig's brains fricasseed with garlic and buzzard tripe, sewer squirrels dripped with machine oil, the imperial bow-bow larded with ducks' head and fungus, chicken crops in batter, scrambled crocodile eggs, goats' pluck, and a hundred other dainty viands found nowhere else than on the boards of the Mongol nobility. Of all other dishes the delicious Mut Chin Tong was particularly relished by the Christian guests, and a bountiful supply was entirely consumed before the close of the feast. The Mut Chin Tong, as explained by Dr. Li-po-tai, is a conglomerated dish, the basis being a ground nut, which is the principal food of the great baboon of Borneo and the ape family of the Indies in general. The preference to the guests illustrated the remarkable facility of adaptation possessed by some species of the human race, and demonstrated the accuracy of an important principle of the theory of evolution. After the board had been cleared there was a happy exchange of sentiment and repartee, and conviviality reigned supreme. The genial Fang Pung flowed in profusion. It is a preparation distilled from mildewed rice, impregnated with verdigris, the intoxicating principle of which does not develope until two days after imbibition, and continues for three weeks, when it is succeeded by malignant headache and rheumatism. The large company finally arose after a cheerful association of three hours, and separated with the usual ceremonies. There was a roaring tragedy performed at the theatre in the evening, founded on some historic event that occurred several thousand years before the remotest period of Mosaic chronology.

LITTLE GLUCK OF TREASURE VALLEY;

OR,

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

BY J. RUSKIN.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE GLUCK AND HIS UGLY BROTHERS.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was in old time a valley of the most surprising fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, the tops of which were always covered with snow. A number of torrents descended in constant cataracts, and one of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that when the sun set to everything else, and all below was dark and gloomy, his beams still shone full and beautiful and bright upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a great sheet of gold, and everybody called it the Golden River.

But none of those many streams fell into the valley itself, though the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills and rested so softly and gently in the hollow, that in time of great heat, when all the country round was almost burnt up, there was still rain and dews and freshness in the little valley; and its corn was so high, and its wheat so full and heavy, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and so wide spread was the fame of its productions, that it was called Treasure Valley.

The whole of this beautiful valley belonged to a queer old man who, dying, bequeathed it to his three sons, Schwartz, Hans and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very rude and ugly, and had great eyebrows, with small dull, wicked-looking eyes peeping out, always half-shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, while you fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming Treasure Valley, and very famous farmers they were, to be sure. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the robins and bluebirds, because they pecked the fruit; they killed the crickets, because they ate the crumbs and chirped so merrily on the kitchen hearth; and they smothered the katydids which used to sing all summer in the garden trees. They worked their servants till they could labor no more, and then quarreled with them and turned them out of doors, without paying them any wages.

With such a farm as Treasure Valley, and such a system of farming as Schwartz and Hans pursued, it would have been very strange if they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally managed to keep their corn and wheat, apples and wine until a scarcity prevailed and everything was very dear, so that what they sold brought three times the usual price. They had heaps of gold put away, yet it was never known that they had given, even so little as a penny or a crust of bread, in charity; they were grumbling perpetually at everything and everybody, notwithstanding their bountiful possessions, and were of so cruel and grinding a temper, that all dreaded to have any dealings with the brothers Schwartz and Hans.

The youngest, little Gluck, was as completely opposite, both in appearance and character, as one could possibly imagine or even desire. He was but twelve years old, fair, blue eyed, and so kind and gentle in temper to every living thing, that he won the love and regard of all. He did not, of course, agree very well with his rough and ugly brothers; or, rather, they did not agree very well with *him*. He was compelled to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left from the table by way of encouragement, and a generous wholesome quantity of sly blows by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very bad summer, and everything went wrong in all the country round. The wheat had hardly been gathered in, when the stacks were floated down to the sea by a great flood; the vines were all killed, and the corn cut to pieces by the hail; only in Treasure Valley, as usual, all was prosperous and safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came there to buy corn and wine, and Schwartz and Hans were in high glee; they asked what prices they liked, and got it, except from the poor, who could only beg and pray them for help, and several of whom starved to death at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice. So passed the summer.

CHAPTER II.

THE FUNNY LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN THE SWALLOW-TAILED COAT.

Winter came, cold, biting weather. The two elder brothers went out one day, with their usual warning to little Gluck (accompanied by a blow to aid his memory) to let nobody in and give nothing out.

Gluck sat down quite close to the fire (whereon a nice leg of mutton was roasting for the brothers' dinner when they returned), for it was raining very hard and the wind was raw and cold. As he watched the roast getting nice and brown, he thought to himself: "What a pity my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a low knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said little Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock so loudly at our door."

So, it wasn't the wind; there it came again, this time very hard, indeed, and what was particularly astonishing, the visitor seemed to be in a hurry, and not in the least afraid of the consequences. Little Gluck went to the window, opened it and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and so full that he looked as if he had been blowing a fire all day to keep it from going out; his eyes twinkled merrily through his long silky eyelashes; his moustaches curled twice around like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, fell in long ringlets far over his shoulders. He was about four feet in height, and wore a queer-looking sugar-loaf hat as tall as himself, decorated with a black feather about three feet long. He wore a very curiously shaped "swallow-tailed coat," the tails of which extended far behind, which was the better seen, as the wind, whistling around the old house, carried his long black, glossy-looking cloak clear out from the wearer's shoulders.

Little Gluck was so astonished by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed, without being able to utter a word, until the strange old gentleman, having given several additional and more energetic attacks on the knocker, turned round to look after his swallow-tailed coat. In so doing, he caught sight of Little Gluck's yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open, indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in, quick."

To do the little gentleman justice, his remark was a correct one; he *was* wet, very wet. His feather hung down between his bandy little little legs, dripping like an umbrella; from the end of his moustaches the water was running into his vest pockets.

"I beg pardon, sir," said little Gluck. "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"Can't let you in, sir. I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death if I did such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want!" said the old gentleman, a little crossly; "want! I want fire and warmth; and there's your great kitchen fire, blazing and crackling and dancing, and nobody to feel it or keep it company. Let me in, I say, that's a good little boy; I only want to warm myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSICAL TASTE.

BY AN AMATEUR.

Musical taste might be, and ought to be, so cultivated amongst the people, as to enable them to enjoy its pleasures in their own homes as well as in public concert rooms. It is evident that as a people we love, and thoroughly relish, good music; and, if we were taught to sing in youth, we should be able to produce it. There is no organ equal to the human voice; all, except the dumb, possess the best kind of musical instrument in themselves. Why is it not more carefully cultivated?

The voice and the ear are musical endowments; and the means of enjoying the delights and of profiting by the uses of music, are conferred upon all. Of what other, among the beautiful sisterhood of the fine arts, can so much be said? Few can draw or paint; few can appreciate the beautiful in architecture; but the pleasure resulting from the use of the human voice in song is the common patrimony of mankind. The poorest may enjoy it, and sweeten by its solace the cares of the humblest lot. The human voice is the most exquisite gratuity of nature, infinitely more precious and valuable than any Cremona or Stradnarius violin. We can always carry it about with us, and sing through it at work, by our fireside, or in the fields.

We can all of us cultivate the art of singing musically. Like the art of speech, it comes by practice. And both are in their effects eminently civilizing. Music is essentially refining and purifying; when set to beautiful words, conveying some true and noble thought, or exciting some delicate feeling, it elevates the heart and strengthens the character.

The poorer that a man is, and the more he is the slave of toil, the more needful it is that he should find diversion and refreshment of some kind for his weary spirit; and the more that he should find in it enjoyments that are not sensual, and which, while they soothe his senses, refine them. The human heart is naturally so unquiet, morose and jealous a thing—so apt to make self the centre of all its thoughts and sentiments—that the happiest man is he who can most frequently find the means of escaping from his own narrow personality, and fix his attention on something which is not himself; and music, the most seductive and purest of all pleasures, is calculated more than all to exercise a beneficial influence over the popular heart. Therefore, we rejoice at the growth of a taste for popular music, which we trust soon to see so extensively cultivated, that it shall become the solace and joy of every home.

FAIRY STORIES.

It is not alone in childhood that we listen to fairy stories. Of course all children like them. One of the sweetest memories which a mother leaves behind her is the stories of the beautiful fairies which are inseparably connected with the memories of childhood; and even a nurse who excels in relating the adventures in fairy-land is never forgotten.

But grown-up people like fairy stories as well as children. The soldier stationed far away from civilization, is reconciled to his lot by the stories which the fairies tell him of victories which he will sometimes win, and glories which he will sometimes achieve. The pale and care-worn scholar hears a voice you cannot hear—a voice from fairy-land—which tells him of coming fame. The anxious and troubled business man is soothed by the tales of the fairies about the fabulous wealth which is one day to reward all his labors.

Realities may be hard, and experience full of disappointments; but the fairies, who delighted us in childhood, have always a fresh tale ready with which to beguile the hours, whenever they begin to grow weary, in after life.

GOOD COUNSEL.—When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left off garment to a man that needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful, and encouraging expressions to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours. But if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time into eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through the day, there is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And suppose you live forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred beings happy, at all events, for a time.

THOU HAST WON MY HEART TO LOVE THEE.

BY MRS. MARY E. HAIL.

Thou hast won my heart to love thee,
The old-time dream is past;
Thy tender, earnest pleading—
Has won my heart at last.
The brilliant stars of heaven,
That are mirrored in the sea,
Cannot be more true, and lasting,
Than the love I give to thee.

Thou hast won my heart to love thee,
I bow before love's shrine.
And whisper with a trusting heart
My darling, I am thine.
And should you e'er forget your vows
And prove untrue to me,
The heart thou hast so basely won,
Will still be true to thee.

Thou hast won my heart to love thee,
And bound me by love's chain;
Through life a willing captive,
I ever shall remain.
And when upon that blissful shore
My spirit shall be free,
A nobler and a purer love,
I then will give to thee.

THE EBONY CASKET;

OR,

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

[This serial was commenced in No. 48. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XX.

SUSPICIONS AWAKENED.

Had Giles Raymond some subtle reason for gaining possession of the casket?

The suspicion had occurred to Bernice more than once. Now it came again, and so powerfully she could no longer banish it. Was she safe nowhere? Was the precious casket always to be the object of secret plots and conspiracies?

On the way back she had scarcely gained the terrace farthest from the house, when steps stirred on the gravel near by, and Mr. Raymond turning a sudden bend in the path confronted her.

He was alone now. He gave a slight start on seeing Bernice, and his bright black eyes quickly swept her face.

"I'm glad I met you," he said, with a smile, speaking very cordially. "I was just going into the house to seek you. We can talk here all the better, though."

Bernice was silent. She stared at him with wondering eyes, not well satisfied in her own mind, perhaps, in what manner she ought to receive his advances. "You can sit down on the terrace steps, or stand if you like it better. I'll not keep you long."

She did not stir, but her large eyes dilated a little more, and one hand crept up and was left to rest over her heart.

A slight flush colored Mr. Raymond's face as he looked at her. He was very angry at her for exhibiting so much fear, but too politic to give vent to his feelings.

"Why don't you speak?" he demanded, grimly.

"Please, sir," stammered poor Bernice, "I was waiting to hear what you had to say to me."

"Humph, very good. You are a remarkably respectful child, Bernice."

Then he paused. Cool villain that he was, he found it hard to go on with what he wished to say. The girl's innocent eyes daunted him somehow, made him feel his own meanness.

At last, turning his face away from her, and speaking quite rapidly, he said: "Ever since you came back to Shrublands I have wanted to give you an assurance that you will never again be persecuted by that—that—person (here he had the grace to color furiously, for he saw what a muss he was making of the whole affair), that person who was so attentive to you before you went away."

In spite of her alarm, a flash came into Bernice's eyes and her lip curled.

"You mean Captain Marthe," she said, coldly.

"I mean Captain Marthe. He is very much in love with you, my girl. Mrs. Raymond and myself favored his suit in the first instance, because we thought you were poor and nameless. But now we have discovered this new relationship, the matter puts on a different aspect. You shall never be persecuted by his attentions, unless you wish it."

"Thank you," answered Bernice, her head high. "I made up my mind to that when I came here. I would appeal to the laws for protection rather than submit to the insult of his presence."

Mr. Raymond's white hands twitched nervously. He began to frown, but quickly cleared his brow.

"You do not like Captain Marthe?" he said, between his teeth.

Bernice's look was the only answer necessary.

"Of course you could never overcome your dislike sufficiently to marry him?"

"If he were the last man upon earth I would not become his wife."

He laughed, and said, with apparent good humor:

"Good. I'm glad to see you so positive."

"Has Dora told you *all* that happened to me at Millbrook?" she demanded.

After a moment's hesitation, he answered:

"Yes; she has told me everything."

"Who wrote the letter that led me into the cunning snare my enemies had set for me, and who was one of my jailers at the house by the river?"

"I said everything!" cried Mr. Raymond, very pale.

"I'm glad," drawing a sobbing breath. "Now you know why Captain Marthe's presence, merely, is an insult. Heaven grant I may never see his face again."

"I'll forbid him the house," said Mr. Raymond, looking intensely angry, though whether it was with Captain Marthe or Bernice, I cannot say. "He shall not come here again. I have told you so already."

"That is all you had to say to me?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

She turned and walked on a few steps, then came slowly back again.

"You were going to tell me how you discovered the relationship between us," she said, looking at him steadfastly. "You promised to tell me as soon as we should arrive here."

Her eyes fell.

"Yes, yes," he stammered. "You shall hear it fast enough. But the story had better come from my wife's lips, after all. She will tell it much better than I can."

So saying, he swung abruptly on his heel, and thus ended the conversation. His manner said as plainly as words could have done that it was disagreeable to him.

"He is afraid to remain and answer my questions honestly," thought Bernice, with a bitter smile. "Ah, into what a nest of treachery and deceit I have fallen!—or am I growing mad, and have I been led astray by my own foolish imagination?"

CHAPTER XXI.

JASPER'S DOUBLE.

That day passed, and the next, and nothing of moment occurred.

Towards evening of the second day, Bernice was in the grounds again. She had walked some distance from the house, and was in the densest of the shrubbery, when she suddenly heard the cracking of dead twigs under a heavy step, and the underbrush was quickly parted, not more than half a dozen yards away, and a man's head thrust out.

For a moment or two he did not see her, for a shrub hid most of her figure. He peered all round, quickly and a trifle anxiously.

Bernice recognized him, or thought she did. Obeying the impulse of the moment, she ran eagerly forward.

"O, Mr. Layton!" she cried. "I am so glad to see you!"

Then she paused suddenly, dropped her eyes, and a flush of crimson dyed her cheeks.

She did not see the person she addressed start wildly, draw back involuntarily, and then hesitate, a breath-long space, in the shadow of the underbrush.

His hesitation was very brief, indeed, in duration. Rallying from it, he boldly advanced, holding out his hand to her.

"Charmed to meet you, I'm sure," he murmured, airily.

Bernice gave a low start of recoil. She glanced wonderingly up at him. Was it Jasper who spoke to her, who looked at her like that?

Yes, it was Jasper's face with its handsome, high-bred look, and its glorious eyes. Jasper's face, only older looking than when she had seen it last, and with harder lines about the mouth.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed, involuntarily. "Have you been ill?"

"Only a little perplexed with business affairs."

That voice! Jasper's, of course; and yet the clear heart ring seemed to have gone out of it.

She laid her hand upon his arm, smiling into his handsome face.

"You seem so changed, so different," she said, frankly. "If I did not know better, I should think years had passed, instead of days, since we parted at Millbrook."

With an air of well-assumed easiness, he said:

"I feel warm and tired; I've been working hard. But I am still the same warm, true friend to you."

They walked on together, turning into the first convenient path. Bernice was silent for some minutes. She was thinking over all the fears that had beset her since coming to Shrublands. Should she confide any of them to her companion? Would it be just to Dora—just to Mrs. Raymond?

But she must tell him something. The impulse was too strong to be resisted. So, after a long, apprehensive glance all round, as if the trees or the shrubs might have ears, she said, in a low, abrupt voice:

"You have not forgotten the ebony casket of which I told you that day at Millbrook?"

"The ebony casket?" he echoed, staring hard.

"Yes, the casket Nurse Goodman gave me before she died."

He hesitated an instant, and then, with a strange twinkle in his eyes, replied:

"No, no. What of it?"

"I am sure it is in danger here. I am sure there are unscrupulous persons who are determined to get possession of it."

Looking down at her, he saw she had grown very pale, and was trembling.

"Impossible!"

"I knew you would think so. But I'm afraid—oh, so dreadfully afraid!" and a shiver ran all over her. "Worse than all the rest, I cannot tell you who or what I suspect."

"Why can you not tell me?"

"It would be wrong. Perhaps I have told you too much of my history already."

"No, no," he cried, eagerly. "Let me hear it all over again. I have reasons for wishing to hear it; keep back nothing."

He was so deeply in earnest that she repeated as much of her history as she had told before. She even spoke of the new-found relationship Giles Raymond pretended to have discovered.

Her companion listened with an air of absorbed interest. He never once interrupted her, but his brow was often knit, as if in perplexed thought, and the old singular gloom held its place in his eyes. Gazing at him, somehow Bernice could not help the impression that he now heard the story for the first time—though, of course, she knew better.

He did not make many comments. After a few minutes deliberation, he said simply:

"I hope to be of service to you some time. I think I will be—your story is so peculiar; but it takes time fully to comprehend such a narrative."

"You seem more surprised than when I told it to you at Millbrook," Bernice could not resist saying.

"Do I?" and he laughed rather oddly. "There are a great many things we do not fully appreciate until they have been repeated."

He was growing quite incomprehensible to the girl. She felt startled, uneasy, without knowing why. Was this the Jasper Layton she had admired so much—loved so well?

The thought suddenly struck her that he had wormed her story from her in a sly, cunning manner she had never observed in him before. Then she trembled more than ever. Her eyes sought his face in a species of attraction, mingled with repulsion, for which she could not account.

It was a face that told her nothing.

He must have observed her look, and guessed what was passing in her mind, for he said, abruptly:

"Of course you could have had but one reason in speaking of the casket, just now. You want my advice—what you had better do with it."

"Yes," she stammered, secretly regretting she had spoken of it at all.

"I would not give it hastily; such things should be very carefully deliberated; but one thought strikes me just at present—that you might transfer it to other hands, to be safely kept until you are at liberty to examine its contents."

He did not look at her while speaking. Perhaps he was afraid to do so.

"I—I—may profit by your suggestion," she returned, in a hesitating manner.

But she did not propose to give the precious trust into *his* charge. Had he expected she would? I do not know. Bernice quite suspected that he had.

They were nearing the house, and the sun was going down, red, lurid, wrathful. Very little more was said between them. Mr. Layton dropped his companion's hand suddenly, and drew back.

"I will go no further," he said. "Good night."

Then, in answer to her wondering stare, he added:

"I have reasons for not wishing to be seen walking here with you. Excuse me for saying so in such plain terms. You will understand what I mean some time, though I would rather not explain now."

"I do not think an explanation is necessary," said Bernice, faintly.

She thought she understood him—but she did not. She thought he suspected the Raymonds, and did not wish them to know of his suspicions—which was but a small part of the truth.

He took her hand, holding it a moment, at parting, and looking her steadily in the eye.

"You will see many things in my conduct toward you and others, that will puzzle you," he said. "Do not, therefore, lose all faith in me. I am compelled to put on two identities, for the present. One I wear here, for you alone; the other I shall put on in yonder saloon," and he pointed toward the house. "I have only one caution to give you—never, under any provocation, must you *there* allude to what transpires between us *here*. You will not?"

It was a singular request, and one that sent a chill foreboding to Bernice's heart, but she gave the required promise.

Then her companion went away abruptly.

The scarlet and yellow and opal tints were fading from the sky when Bernice reached the house, walking like one in a frightful dream. She had loitered upon the terraces to compose herself, and let the cool air fan her fevered brow, before going in. She had hoped it might clear away some of the mists before her mental vision.

She saw things darkly. Even her love dream—she did love Jasper, though no such confession had ever passed her lips—seemed strangely unreal. Was she waking up to the disheartening conviction that she had loved, not the man himself, but her own ideal of him?

Groping blindly, for the spell upon her was a strong one, she crossed the hall and approached the drawing-room door. The sound of voices suddenly arrested her attention. She ran forward, and a few minutes later had crossed the threshold, and was glaring with wild eyes all around.

Was she awake, and in her right mind? Or had the old days of necromancy returned again?

There sat Jasper Layton, in the full glare of the chandeliers, turning a book of engravings with Dora.

How had he gained the house before her, and how could he be sitting there so comfortably, as if he had been established in the same position for hours?

She stood staring wildly at him. Her face must have been frightfully pale, for Jasper rose up quickly and came to her.

"Are you ill?" he said, anxiously. "For God's sake tell us what has happened."

That voice! It had the old, clear ring she loved so well. The face looked pure, honest and true again. What did it mean—what could it mean—this strange transformation?

"I have seen a ghost," she answered, looking at him steadily.

He did not start or change color, he evidently thought she was jesting.

Jesting, with that corpse-like face; he might have known better.

Dora now came hurrying towards them. "A ghost," she said, with a whimsical laugh. "What an odd creature you are, Bernice. Do, pray, tell us what you mean?"

"I have seen a ghost," she repeated, sturdily, her eyes still upon Jasper's face.

"Whose?"

"Yours."

At that he drew back a step or two. Had she struck home, at last?

"This is very strange," he said, after a pause. "Your wild words puzzle me. But I shall not ask for an explanation just yet. You are excited, unnerved. I beg of you not to say another word until you are more composed."

He led her to a seat, and ran for a glass of ice water. Bernice offered no resistance, but sat smiling bitterly to herself. She even drank the water when he had brought it.

"How cunning he is," she thought. "He fears I will betray him, in spite of my promise. But I shall not."

Dora began to ply her with questions after a little. But she only shook her head in reply to them all.

"Don't ask me what I meant by my foolish words," she said. "Forget them. Don't ask what made me ill. You see I am better already."

The color was slowly returning to her cheeks, the light to her eyes.

Jasper leaned over her suddenly, and whispered:

"Is that answer meant for me, as well?"

"*You* need no other," she said, half angrily.

An expression of surprise flitted over his face, but he bowed and was silent.

Afterwards Bernice sat quite still, watching him. He had, indeed, two identities. Now, he was the grand hero she had worshipped, the idol she adored. The mire of earth no longer clung to him.

A rare tenderness came into his eyes whenever he spoke to her—a tenderness to which even Dora was not blind. The will may be strong, but love is stronger yet, and pretty sure to assert itself. He could no more have helped loving Bernice than he could have helped living.

But never, by word or look, did he allude to the meeting in the garden.

CHAPTER XXII.

A HYPOCRITE UNMASKED.

Jasper went away at last, and Bernice passed another wretched night, with her door bolted and the casket safely hidden.

She was rambling about the grounds the next morning, and had paused a moment on the terrace near one of the half-ruined wings, when she suddenly fancied she heard a voice cry out her name, sharp and shrill.

She looked up at the ivy-covered walls, and all around the spacious lawn as far as the shrubbery would permit, but saw nobody.

And yet the voice had reminded her of Saul's. She felt sure it was a human voice she had heard. And yet, what could Saul be doing there? If he knew she was at Shrublands, and wished to see her, could he not show himself openly?

Where was he all this while? Why had he kept aloof so long?

She walked on a few steps towards the more remote shrubbery and there paused. While she stood hesitating, the fragrant smell of cigar smoke came to her nostrils. Who was walking in the grounds besides herself? Mr. Raymond?

Feeling a strange reluctance to meet him, she slid softly into a snarl of wild roses and tangled vines, crouching upon the ground where she was completely hidden by the foliage.

Not a moment too soon. Heavy steps came crashing up the gravel walk just beyond her hiding place. Parting the vines with her hands, she peered out at the unwelcome intruders.

A cry rose to her lips as she did so. Mr. Raymond was in the walk, as she had suspected. But another man walked beside him, coolly puffing at a cigar.

Captain Marthe!

Bernice grew faint with terror as she recognized him. With all her strength of will, she could not repress a slight exclamation.

"What was that?" said Mr. Raymond, pausing.

"Nothing." Captain Marthe nonchalently blew a thin wreath of smoke from his mouth. "A bird, perhaps. Don't be a fool, old boy."

"You are the fool," was the angry retort. "Otherwise, you would not have ventured to come here just at present. I don't see why you couldn't have kept away."

"Bah! I was dying to learn how affairs were shaping themselves."

"You would have known soon enough from me."

"Perhaps."

Mr. Raymond looked quite pale. His black eyes burned with a strange fire. Bernice could see them distinctly from her hiding-place.

"We are playing a desperate game, Louis," he said, in a low voice. "Take care, or we shall lose it yet."

"Humph. What is there to fear?"

"*She* might happen to see you."

"The pretty Bernice? Oh, to be sure. But this walk is secluded enough, and I have taken care not to go within sight of the house."

"You know why you mustn't come there. Bernice must be kept blinded a little longer. Otherwise, she would appeal to Jasper Layton, who is fond enough of her to move heaven and earth in her behalf."

"Bah! Much good will his fondness do him when the game is once fairly in our own hands."

Mr. Raymond laughed and shrugged.

"True, my boy. If all goes well, we will soon have things pretty much our own way."

"Does the girl suspect anything?"

"I don't know. She does not trust us fully, that is certain."

"I wonder you could prevail on her to come here at all."

"It was the desire to know more of her own history, I think, that influenced her. I made up a story for the occasion."

"Ha, ha! You were always a capital hand at story telling, old fellow."

"Humph. I could mention another who is fully my equal in that particular."

Then the two passed on—their voices died away, and Bernice heard no more.

She sat breathless, fixed as stone, for some minutes. There was no more mist before her eyes now—no doubt, no uncertainty. With horrible bluntness the truth forced itself upon her mind.

She was being lured into some fearful trap, from which there might be no escape. The Raymonds—Dora with all the rest, no doubt—had been dealing treacherously with her from first to last.

It was impossible to tell exactly what they meant to do. She could only conjecture. This secret understanding between Mr. Raymond and Captain Marthe had a bad look, to say the least.

Were they waiting to get her fully into their power, and then compel her to marry that dreadful man?

Her brain ached over a bewildering maze of thoughts. She could see nothing, conjecture nothing, clearly. She only knew that she was in the way of these people, and dark and deadly peril menaced her through them.

The fact of the threatening danger was too palpable to be mistaken.

"God help me!" she cried, wringing her hands. "Don't forsake me now, or I am lost," and her swimming eyes were uplifted to heaven. "Help me to get away from this dreadful place, and away from these wicked people."

After a long interval, she rose up and slowly retraced her steps to the house.

Nobody saw her on the way. She reached her room, locked the door, and lay down on the bed to think.

Dora came knocking at the door presently, but she could not let her in. Afterwards a gentle rap, that could have been dealt by Mrs. Raymond's knuckles alone, broke the stillness. But she would not open the door to either.

"They only want to fawn over me, and make soft, treacherous speeches," she thought, her eyes flashing. "But I could not bear their hypocrisies just yet. I would be sure to tell them all I know and suspect, and that would be bad policy, perhaps."

It was a strange thing for one so young and innocent to be thinking of what was politic to do or not to do. But the best of us, sometimes, have our unwilling feet pushed into ways they would gladly have shunned.

Bernice made no attempt to leave the house. She did not think it best to go away at once. The danger was not immediate; she could afford to wait a little; and thus have a longer time for reflection.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IS LOVE BLIND?

There is nothing so clearsighted. It exalts our natures to their highest capability, enabling us to decipher truths which are illegible to the normal sense. It has given moments of subtle wisdom to the dullest; moments of impassioned eloquence to the coldest. We are strongest when we love, because Love is not only the most energetic but the most elevating of passions. We see most clearly then, because our perceptions are all intensified by the intensity of the feeling. We are affected as in mesmerism, and Love is the clairvoyance of the heart.

But there is always a meaning in old adages, and in that of "Love is blind" there is a truth. The blindness spoken of is blindness to all consequence, disregard of all collaterals, reckless oblivion or contempt of whatever is foreign to it. The intensity of the shadow is proportioned to the intensity of the light. Everything which comes within the rays of Love is wondrously vivid; the rest is darkness. Love sees all it cares to see. It is not blind; but it will only look straightforward. A horse is not blind when blinkers are put on to prevent his seeing whatever goes on at his side. All energetic passions act as blinkers.

UNTO DEATH.

O, oftimes in the twilight
I am sitting silently,
When the glory of the sunlight
Leaves its impress in the sky:
And a low voice seems to whisper,
With passion in each breath,
'I will love thee, love, for ever;
You may trust me unto death!'

And I live upon the echo
Of that passionate refrain;
And my hope is firm and steadfast
I shall hear it once again.
Though years may pass and vanish,
And life grow worn and cold,
I am waiting the reutterance
Of those pleading words of old.

It may be an illusion,
A myth, a fancy here:
But it keeps my heart from breaking,
And my life from much despair.
And as long as life shall linger
Comes the echo of each breath,
'I will love thee, love, for ever;
You may trust me unto death!'

JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLV.

A RECKONING.

Men laugh and jest until the feast be o'er,
Then comes the reckoning, and men smile no more. —*Gay.*

The men assembled in the dim old room at Marling Manor looked at one another in horror as the loathing thing that was once Jabez Colliver was drawn slowly up and laid on the stones in their midst. It was a thing to shrink from now with sick loathing, and they covered their mouths while they looked at it, for fear of inhaling the deadly odor of the grave which it had brought amongst them.

"Open that window, for heaven's sake," the superintendent said, and one of the men, seizing a long iron bar that lay among the heterogeneous heap of things on the floor, sent it crashing through the skylight, thereby admitting a rush of fresh air, and dispelling some of the grave-like atmosphere exhaled from the horrible object on the floor.

Even after so long a time had passed, it was easy enough to recognize the dead man. The quaint attire, the long white hair, all mildewed and soil-stained now, the buckles in the old-fashioned shoes, were all proofs that Jabez Colliver, in very deed, was before them.

"I suppose there is no doubt?" Ernest Dormer said, in a husky tone. "This is really the old man himself?"

"I haven't seen my brother for forty years," Anthony Colliver said, dashing his hand across his eyes, "but I could identify him among a thousand if I were blind."

"Indeed! How?"

"He had a malformation of the bone of his right leg. I believe it was broken when he was a child. Any way, it grew out. There was a lump between the knee and the ankle as big as a hazel nut. He was not lame, but it was visible."

The superintendent pulled the long gaberdine-like garment away from the legs of the corpse, and passed his hand over them.

"It is there," he said. "I have seen it a hundred times. There's no mistake, Mr. Dormer. It's the poor old gentleman, sure enough. Bear a hand there, men. We'll carry him into the front shop."

The men lifted the body on an old canvas cover which was thrown over a heap of goods, and carried it in silence to the shop where Muriel had first seen Jabez Colliver, and laid it down amongst the nicknacks and queerly assorted stock of which in life he had been so fond.

A strange place to lay out a corpse in, truly, this old room, with its oaken panels, which, could they have spoken, could have told many a tale of the deeds of an olden time, and its wealth of rare and costly things mingled with the lumber of more modern surroundings.

Various portraits of great people, which had come to the hammer through the thriftlessness of their descendants, looked down with stony eyes on the covered dead face. Suits of ancient armor stood as if to guard the silent form, and brocade dresses of long ago, on pegs and shelves, exhaled faint perfumes of cedar, sandal wood and musk, as though they would efface the terrible seal which time and death had set upon the face of their late owner.

They straightened the limbs as best they could, and then looked about them for some trace of evidence as to how Jabez Colliver had come into the well. Muriel had forgotten nothing in her wild, revengeful story to the dead man's brother, and the first thing he had done had been to secure the fragment of cloth torn from Jasper's coat, which her fingers had been unable to extract from between the cover and the edge of the well. It was discolored, and stiff with dirt and damp now; but the color and fabric were still distinguishable, and it would prove a most important piece of evidence.

"You had better give it to me, Mr. Colliver," the superintendent remarked. "All bits of proof like that are safest with us. Don't be afraid—we'll take great care of it."

Anthony Colliver gave it up reluctantly, prompted by Ernest Dormer, and then went to take a last look at the remains. The officers were feeling with quick and skillful fingers about the corpse for further evidence.

"I don't suppose you'll find anything on him," Ernest Dormer said, gravely. "Whoever is responsible for his being down yonder will have taken care of whatever of value he had about him."

"Very little things are important evidence," was the quiet answer, as the speaker detached a morsel of a thin chain, made of silk and beads, from a button on the discolored dress. "This, for instance. I shall find the other part if I can."

A little more manipulation discovered something hard and flat underneath the clothes.

"His purse, I think," he said, and proceeded to search.

It was not a purse, but a note-book, secured around the waist of the corpse with a thin steel chain. It was very much discolored, but its contents were legible, and proved to be a memoranda of money and valuables stowed away in sundry places in the old manor. There were list of numbers of bank notes showing an accumulation of a princely fortune, and descriptions of gems enough to have furnished the jewel case of an empress, and notes of the places where they were to be found.

"Whoever did the deed knew nothing of this," the superintendent said. "We will look for the pieces mentioned."

They were easily found, but no money or jewels. A complete clearance had been made of the whole, and Ernest Dormer turned sick and chilly at the prospect of what was to come of the day's discovery.

"You will lose no time," Anthony Colliver said to the officer. "You will make the arrest at once."

"In a very few hours," was the reply. "He cannot get away."

The street was full of people when they left the house. How the idlers get hold of the information they do is a mystery; but street *gamins* seem to scent out a piece of news as vultures scent their prey.

"What are you going to do next?" Ernest Dormer asked of the brother who had come like an avenging Nemesis from over the sea to find out this dreadful secret.

"Wait here till I am sent for to town to give evidence against the man who murdered my brother. It will be blood for blood, Mr. Dormer. They will hang him, will they not?"

"I don't know," Ernest said, with a shudder. "They are very reluctant to convict in cases of murder now-a-days. They will take all the extenuating circumstances into grave consideration before they decide."

"Extenuating circumstances! There were none," the old man said, excitedly. "Did not my brother rescue this man from starvation, keep him and his, and set them on their feet again, and are they not now living in luxury and affluence on the proceeds of his murder, lording it in fashionable society, as light-hearted and careless as though the money were the proceeds of their own lawful industry, and not of robbery and murder?"

"There is very little light-heartedness," Ernest Dormer replied, sadly. "The crime has brought its own punishment; it has put dissension where formerly there was love, and has raised up a black shadow where all was openness and peace before. Jasper Onslow has been a broken man from the hour of your brother's disappearance, Mr. Colliver."

"And is this to be any excuse? Is a jury to be asked to acquit him of the grossest crime a man can commit because, like a frightened school-boy, he has lived in dread of being found out? Your English laws must deal strangely with criminals if such is the case."

"The jury will take everything into consideration, and will give him the benefit of any doubt that can possibly arise; but I think you will have full revenge, Mr. Colliver; the motive and opportunity were too plain and strong to be disbelieved."

Anthony Colliver remained in Limehouse, poking about the old house with no apparent dread of the grim presence in the front room, over which a policeman, who didn't like the job at all, kept watch and ward. He was rather glad of the presence of the saturnine old man, who asked him all sorts of questions in a short, hard kind of way about the dead man, and his relations with Jasper Onslow.

It happened to be the very man who had seen and spoken to Jabez Colliver in the street on the morning of his departure, and who was now inclined to the belief that it was a ghost he had seen.

"It must have been a warning, you see, sir," he said, "sent to me at the very minute the breath left the poor gentleman's body, maybe; I've heard of such things before."

"A warning—nonsense! A blind, of course. Somebody else dressed up in my brother's clothes."

"No, sir. I might have thought so, but he spoke to me."

"And it was his voice?"

"Yes, sir. I couldn't mistake that; and it was himself, too. He had a way of waving his hand at a person when he spoke that I never saw any one else do, and he turned and did it to me as he went round the corner there. It must have been a warning; poor, dear old gentleman."

Jasper Onslow sat alone by Muriel's side a few hours later, listening to the disjointed mutterings which fell from her fevered lips, and trying to comprehend what it was that was coming upon him, and how far she had betrayed the secret she had in her keeping. Her wild ravings had ceased now. She shrieked out no more secrets about wells, and murder, and unhallowed wealth.

She was a happy and peaceful wife once more, in her lodgings at Limehouse, waiting for her husband, singing to her children, going about her domestic duties—her mind untroubled, her spirit happy and at rest. His heart ached to hear her, in her merciful insensibility, planning how to save this piece of expense, or to surprise him with that little bit of unexpected luxury. All the months of luxurious living and unlimited wealth had passed out of her ken entirely. The nurse was downstairs, and he was quite alone, when a light footfall sounded outside the door, and one of the under housemaids, in extreme trepidation at finding herself in the awful presence of her master, knocked timidly, and asked to come in.

"What is it?" he asked, kindly, seeing the girl's nervousness.

"It's a note, if you please, sir," she said, nervously. "A gentleman outside gave it me when I was outside on an errand just now, and told me to give it to you, and let no one know."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know his name, sir; I've seen him here once or twice."

Jasper took the note, and dismissed the messenger with an awful fear curdling at his heart. It was hurriedly written and crumpled, but he knew the handwriting directly.

"If you have any reason to fly, fly now—at once—two hours more it will be too late. I cannot come to you. It would arouse suspicion immediately, as you are closely watched; but there may be time. The only way is disguise; but I should think you might manage it. You will understand that I am giving you no needless warning when I tell you that all the secrets of the old house have come to light. I was present when the room at the back was searched, and the old man from Australia found what he wanted. E. D."

Jasper Onslow started up with the note crushed in his hand.

"Fly!" he murmured. "Yes, but how? Too late! too late! Fool that I have been not to see what was drawing around me. Fly!" he said. "How can I and leave her? and yet it might be better. Let me think."

He sat down and buried his face in his hands, and Muriel, conscious of his presence, put out her arms to clasp his neck. At the same moment there was a loud ring at the door bell, and a strange voice asked for Mr. Onslow.

"Hark!" said Muriel, "they are come."

"Yes, they are come," he murmured, wondering what train of ideas was passing through her mind, as hurried steps came up the staircase, and voices were heard in altercation.

"You cannot go in," he heard the nurse say. "Mrs. Onslow is very ill."

"I'm sorry, but I must if Mr. Onslow does not come out."

Jasper flung the door open, and confronted two men and a posse of frightened servants.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Very sorry, sir," said the foremost; "but we have a warrant for your arrest. You are our prisoner, Mr. Onslow."

"On what charge?"

"Murder."

There was a terrified scream from the women at the word; but Jasper put up his hands to enforce silence.

"Hush," he said, "you will frighten your mistress. It is no use parleying here. One of you men come with me to my dressing-room; in five minutes I will be ready to go with you."

CHAPTER XLVI.

FOR WILLFUL MURDER.

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fallen from his high estate. —*Dryden.*

The commotion in the fashionable world was indescribable when it was announced that Jasper Onslow, Esq., of Park lane, had been arrested for murder. At first those who heard it flatly refused to believe it, treating the report as a *canard*; but with the issue of the morning papers came full confirmation of the disastrous intelligence.

He had murdered the old man who had befriended him in his need, so the story went, and the wealth and fortune which had placed him at such a pinnacle of luxury and greatness had been the proceeds of a heartless and coolly planned crime.

Society shrugged its shoulders, and said it always suspected something was wrong, and turned its back on S—— House, in deep grief that the residence of a duke should have suffered such pollution. No one asked what had become of Muriel and her children when the closed shutters and drawn blinds of her splendid home showed that it was empty and deserted; but Ernest Dormer told Doris Carlyon over a late breakfast two days after the event where her former companion was.

Either the news of the terrible catastrophe, or some other cause, had powerfully affected Miss Carlyon. Ernest Dormer had not seen her for some days, and was startled and alarmed at the gray pallor of her face.

"This has upset you, Doris," he said.

"No wonder. It is an awful affair."

"Yes, of course. It is very dreadful," she said, in a mechanical sort of way. "Murder is a horrid subject to think of, Cousin Ernest, is it not?"

She was not thinking of Jasper Onslow, as he fancied, but of what had happened to herself. She was wondering how long it would be before she should hear any more of Mr. Vanburgh's story, or of Mr. Septimus Luker.

She need not have been under any alarm just then. The pawnbroker had seen no more of the man who had been so curious. Mr. Luker was, in fact, in St. Thomas' Hospital, very ill with fever, caught in some of his exploring journeys.

"What will become of poor Muriel?" Mrs. Bellew asked, with tears in her kindly old eyes. "Where is she?"

"She is in quiet and safety, madam," Ernest Dormer replied. "A friend has taken care of that. She was moved from her residence the morning after the arrest of her husband."

"You are the friend, Ernest, is it not so?" Doris asked, in a saddened tone. "Ah! you needn't deny it. You always do the right thing in the right place. If money is wanted, will you let me help? I cannot offer in any other way than through you."

"Money will not be wanting, Doris. Mrs. Onslow needs nothing she cannot have at once. She is safe, and her children too."

"Heaven will reward you for what you have done," said Mrs. Bellew, fervently.

"I have done nothing, my dear madam, but find a most forlorn woman a place of shelter—a place to die in, as I verily believe."

"Is she so ill as that?"

"She is, mercifully, so ill that she knows nothing of what has happened—nothing of what she has done—what you drove her to, Doris. Think of that when you remember her in her misery and sorrow."

"Don't reproach me, Ernest," Doris said, sadly. "It is enough to know that my folly has wrought such woe. It would have come about sometime, I daresay; but I have helped to hasten it. Tell me about Jasper—Mr. Onslow, that is. Will—will they hang him?"

"I trust not. I hope in heaven not; but it is impossible to tell. Much depends on the evidence at the inquest, which will be held to-day."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

"What does he say?"

"Nothing. He will not speak till the inquest is over. He will say all there is to be said at his trial."

"And when will that be?"

"Next week, I suppose. He will be committed to-morrow."

"Horrible!" murmured Doris, putting her hands up to her white throat, as though she were realizing the effect of the awful sentence. "It seems like a bad dream."

"Unfortunately, it is one from which you cannot wake," her cousin said, with a sigh. "It is all very real."

"Oh, if I could wake and find it a dream," she said, moodily, "all that has passed in the last few years! If I only could."

"Well, what then?"

"I should be a better woman, that's all."

"She has more feeling than I thought she had," Ernest Dormer said to himself as he went away. "I expected cool indifference to the ruin she had helped to make; but she is touched this time. She's awfully changed. Does she know of what's hanging over her own head, I wonder?"

For Mr. Dormer had heard a partial account of Mr. Luker and his transactions, and wondered not a little what had become of that gentleman.

Jasper Onslow had, as he said, refused to speak of anything concerning his crime until the trial. He was very quiet, bearing his imprisonment calmly, and refusing any of the indulgences he was entitled to until he was proved guilty.

He was very grateful to Ernest for his care of Muriel, and looked with eagerness for the daily bulletin he brought concerning her health.

"No better," was the daily verdict, and it was almost a relief to feel that the poor wife was unconscious of the sorrow around her. It was growing evident now that her mind was gone—that, though she might recover in body, she would be wandering in spirit, and know no more of joy or sorrow in this world.

The inquest on the body of Jabez Colliver was duly held, and medical evidence had upon the subject. The surgeon who held the *post-mortem* examination was one who had attended the old man in his life, and he declared that he could find no trace of violence about the corpse, and that his opinion was that deceased had died a natural death.

Anthony Colliver was displeased at this assertion, and angrily asked if being thrown down a well was not enough to cause death.

"Quite enough," was the quiet reply; "but I am of opinion that death took place first."

"But why?"

"I shall be happy to give you a technical explanation presently," said the surgeon, rather stiffly. "For the present it is enough to say that I believe it to be so. There is nothing to indicate violence about the corpse, and I knew Mr. Colliver well enough to always fear a sudden death for him."

"What ailed him?"

"A heart affection. When I heard of his disappearance I was in no way surprised. I imagined that he had died suddenly and quietly in some place where he was unknown, and so been buried. I believe he has so died now."

"And I believe he has been murdered—done to death by the man who has been living all this time upon his money."

"It is possible. I could not find the traces of poison at this distance of time."

Other evidence went to show that Jabez Colliver had been seen up till late on the night before his supposed departure, but that he had been more than ordinarily feeble for some time before.

One or two witnesses could tell of his having seemed rather desponding in the latter part of his life, and giving odd hints that he should never return from his solitary journeyings some time; but all were unanimous on one point—viz., the high respect and esteem he had for his assistant, Jasper Onslow.

"Which only makes the crime the greater," growled Anthony, as he listened with a sort of grim satisfaction to other witnesses who deposed to the sudden accession of the assistant to enormous wealth, and to the desertion and shutting up of the Manor.

The jury were a long time agreeing; but after a while they began to grow unanimous on one point, at any rate; namely, that it was getting late, and that they wanted their dinners; so they hurriedly agreed that Jasper Onslow must be guilty, and found a verdict of "willful murder" against him. He heard the news with perfect composure, only saying it was what he expected, and refusing any legal aid whatever, though urged by Ernest Dormer to employ an able lawyer to help him out of his terrible position.

"You are very good," he replied, quietly; "but I shall need no lawyer."

"Not need one?"

"No."

"But consider, Onslow, if it should go hard with you?"

"A lawyer will not make it go easier. Bear with me if I am brusque and apparently ungrateful, Dormer; you will understand me when the time comes."

Ernest Dormer looked at him with a new terror rising in his face, and Jasper Onslow understood it in a moment.

"Don't be afraid," he said, with a smile; "I am not going to quit the world and my troubles together as you seem to fancy. Not even the fear of the hangman will drive me to suicide. It is not that I mean to do; no, nor break gaol either," he added, with a smile. "My fashionable friends shall have the full satisfaction of seeing one of their own species stand in a felon's dock."

Ernest Dormer could not make out what he meant, and was fain to leave him alone. He had provided a quiet country lodging for Muriel and her children at some distance from London, receiving daily accounts of her health; and the day before Jasper's final examination before the magistrate he went to see her. She was rapidly getting well in health, but the mind was a blank still, and there seemed no prospect of any improvement.

"Maybe change of air would do her good," suggested the mistress of the pretty cottage, timidly.

"Perhaps it might; but how can she have it?" he asked.

"Well, sir, my husband has been offered a situation at Rugby," the woman replied; "it's a good one, and he wouldn't like to lose it."

"And you would take her with you?"

"That I would, poor thing. She's as gentle as a lamb, and the children are pretty, quiet little things; my husband is so fond of them. You see, sir, we lost two such ourselves, and they seem to fill up the gap somehow."

"I'll think it over, and let you know to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir. I hope you'll think well of it, and let the poor lady go with us. Of course, the money's an object. I don't deny that, and it's helped us along a good bit; but we like her for herself, and I'll do my best to keep her comfortable and clean, as I've done before."

"I'm sure you will," said Ernest, kindly. "She could not have been in better hands; but I must have a few hours for consideration before I decide."

"I'd write to you regularly, every day if you wish it."

"Once a week would be enough, except in any emergency. You shall hear from me to-morrow, Mrs. Simpson."

He told Jasper what was proposed, and he agreed with him that it was better that Muriel should go. She was well cared for, and her presence in London could do no good.

"Promise me one thing," said Jasper, when the matter was settled.

"What is it?"

"That if the worst comes, if this thing goes against me, and I am sentenced to—to——"

"Yes, yes; I know, what am I to do?"

"Let me see my wife once more. Promise it—swear it, Dormer!"

"I do, most solemnly," Ernest Dormer replied. "Should it come to that, I will go and fetch her myself. You shall see her, Onslow, never fear."

And so it came about that when Jasper Onslow stood in the dock to take his trial for murder, his wife was far away at Rugby, very much at home with good Mrs. Simpson, who humored and petted her, and made her so happy that no one who saw her casually could have told that her mind was a blank; and that her quiet demeanor and aimless prattle covered the molten lava of such a tempest as had wrecked her reason.

After the examination before the magistrates, in reply to a question, Jasper said:

"I have nothing to say here. I shall have a plain statement of facts to make by-and-by—to make it here would be premature."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY JANE WEAVER.

"It seems to me," said Miss Newton, "that people who marry for love are never so happy as those who marry without it."

"My dear," said the mother, "that's a strange opinion."

The young lady colored.

"Not, mamma, with the experience of some of our friends before me. There's my old schoolmate, Julia, who made such a romantic marriage, and who is now miserable."

"I am glad you mentioned her, Emily; for now I know how you fell into your error. For instance, I do not admit that Julia married for love, in the true sense of that term. In other words, she was not in love with Captain Carter, but an ideal officer, who was perfection in all things."

"Oh! mamma!"

"I am not a bit too severe. Most of the marriages which school-girls call love-matches, are of this character. Between the young couple there is really no love at all; but each loves an ideal being, which the curls of the lady, and the moustache of the gentleman, have respectively suggested. Of course, when, after marriage, the two become intimately acquainted, the delusion fades. The husband soon discovers that the wife, who comes down to breakfast in curl-papers, who is often out of temper, and who now thinks of her own comfort quite as much as of his, is anything but an angel. On her part, the wife finds that the lover who was miserable, before marriage, if he could not spend the evening with her, is now frequently *ennuied* when he remains at home, is always selfish and often capricious. In this way the scales fall from the eyes of both; and disgust succeeds to infatuation. Nay! by a natural law of the mind, the reaction leads to injustice; and each thinks too little of the other now, because they thought too much before."

"What a picture you have drawn, mamma! Never, never will I marry, if I am to be thus deceived."

The mother smiled.

"But, my dear," she answered, "I have not said that all marriages ended thus. My remarks were confined to those in which there was no true love on either side, but in its place a romantic fancy for an impossible bit of perfection. It is only those who are foolish enough to marry under this delusion who live unhappily; for they only are disappointed."

"But, mamma," said the daughter, hesitatingly, "how can you call that love which admits even the possibility of a fault in the one beloved?"

"True love, my dear, loves in spite of faults. Or rather, it is founded on a just appreciation of character, which teaches him or her who loves, that the one beloved, even with her or his faults, is better adapted than any other to render the lover happy."

"What a cold, calculating thing you make love to be!"

"Not at all, my child. Providence wisely gives to most, if not all, an instinct, as it were, by which to know whom to love. This instinct, however, comes into play, not when we are still children, but only when we have grown up; and it is as distinct from the infatuation of the school-girl, or the sophomore, as day is from darkness. We fall into love, even the wisest of us, and do not reason ourselves into it. We cannot analyze why we love, but we feel that such or such a one will make us happy."

"But isn't that what Julia did?"

"No, my dear. The instinct I speak of is one of a matured person; and Julia was a mere child. Indeed, some never grow mature, no matter how old they become."

Emily looked puzzled.

"I seem to be too metaphysical for you," said the mother, with a smile. "Let me see if I can make my meaning plain, by the use of an illustration."

The daughter's face cleared up.

"You liked well enough," said the mother, with another smile, "to amuse yourself with your doll, when you were a child—didn't you? You found pleasure in playing with broken bits of china, which you had no difficulty in fancying to be dishes. Yet you could not deceive yourself now in this way? You could not amuse yourself with a doll?"

"No, no," replied Emily.

"And, why? I will answer for you. It is because your tastes have altered. Nor do you stop to reason about it, when I ask you if you could still play with broken china. You feel, instantly, that you could not. Well, in like manner, a matured woman, or a matured man, who has learned to think and to feel, is instinctively drawn toward, or repelled from, persons of the other sex. This magnetism, if I may call it such, often leads, when it is one of attraction, to love."

"Why not always?

"Because, my dear, matured men, or women, hold their feelings under more or less control; and are not willing to bestow their hearts unless they can also give their esteem. An acquaintance formed under these circumstances ripens into love only when the sum of the good qualities in the beloved objects exceeds the sum of the bad ones; and when, besides the adaptability of character, each to each, becomes more and more apparent. This is real love, Emily; and nothing else is worthy of the name. When persons marry with this sort of feeling on both sides, there is no danger of deception. The husband does not, to his chagrin, discover that he has married quite a different creature to what he imagined he had; nor does the wife, fancying she had secured an Apollo, find out, to her horror, that she has wedded a Pan."

"I see now what you mean," said the daughter, thoughtfully, "and acknowledge that I was foolish. I had not thought enough about the matter when I said that Julia married for love."

The conversation ceased at this point. We have only to add that it was not lost on Emily, who, two years after, married the man of her choice.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMAS.

1.

I'm large, small, black, white,
King, queen, emperor, knight,
Man, woman, husband, wife—
Sometimes, when the latter, the plague of your life.

2.

I am brown, blue, or gray,
By night or by day
I am prized by the aged when I 'gin to decay,
And have charms for the young not a few;
I have size, shape, and shade,
Praised by lover and maid,
And in number I reckon just two.

3.

That I am a sphere all must grant who can hear,
Though by no means as large as the earth;
As the waves of the sea you may taste salt in me,
Yet not there nor in land have I birth.
Most men abuse me, yet in sorrow will use me,
In childhood, or boyhood, or after;
But strangest 'twould seem, when my traces are seen,
On a face brimming over with laughter.

4.

Formed with Creation's earliest bud,
Borne on the waters of the flood,
When earth became dry land again,
I helped to form vale, mountain, plain.

Since then, down to this very hour,
I've exercised the highest power;
Earth, water, air, all own my aid,
But fire alone I must evade.

I love to dwell in realms of peace,
Where strife's unknown, where troubles cease,
On mountain wild—true Nature's scene—
'Midst valleys with their smiling green.

And though so strange it may appear,
When quarrels rise, I'm ever near;
E'en in the awful scourge of war,
Where rifles crack, and cannon roar.

In this foul work I take a part—
No outside rank—the very heart—
But stay! I paint myself too black,
For though I aid man's self-attack,
I ever serve the noble mind,
Am found in peace and trade, and find
My powers thus aided bring forth to view
All that is gentle, kind, and true.

CHARADES.

1.

Dreaming one fine summer day,
As close to the little brook sitting;
On a moss-covered bank by the way,
I watched the fleet swallows at play,
As over the stream they were flitting.
My *first* in the distance I heard,
As my *second* so slowly went round;
So still was the air, not a single leaf stirred,
And hum of the bee, or sweet song of the bird,
Mingled soft with my *whole's* pleasant sound.

2.

When the stars above are peeping,
When the little birds are sleeping,
First you court, I wis.
Next, I hope, you have of sad things;
Next, I hope, you have of sad things.
Care will cause you *total* nights,
Likewise bad and evil sights.
Then sweet *first* we miss.

3.

A WEDDING SUPPER.

My pretty Sue I love most true,
She's dear to me as life;
And if she as well love me,
I'll make her my sweet wife.

And then, you know, to church we'll go,
And I'll give my *first* and *second*;
And for a treat my *whole* will eat,
For very good 'tis reckoned!

4.

Most brilliant hues my *first* assumes—
A hundred shapes it wears;
The morning sun my *next* illumes,
And ocean millions bears.
You'll find my *whole* a tender flower,
That blooms in winter's chilly hour.

5.

My friend lay on a bed of pain,
The doctor came and saw him;
He shook his head, looked wise, and said,
"I can do nothing for him.
Nought can avail with his disease,
Which now is at its worst;
Unless—'twill give him instant ease—
He takes my famous *first*."
My friend demurr'd, but 'twas no good,
Without his host he'd reckoned;
'Twas gone! his features were my *third*,
He faintly said my *second*.
He writhed, he turned, he twisted,
And from side to side did roll;
The doctor—'twould have served him right
To stand him in my *whole*.

LITTLE CHARADES.

1. My *first* is order, my *second* a friend, and my *whole* according to rule.

2. My *first* is a fruit, my *second* is maturity, and my *whole* feathery.

3. My *first* is a cavern, my *second* a coin, and my *whole* a country in northern Europe.

4. My *first* is a title, my *second* an officer, and my *whole* an officer of state.

5. My *first* is a fruit, my *second* principal, and my *whole* a kind of apple.

6. My *first* is open, my *second* a castle, and my *whole* a German city.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1.

A man and a boy are engaged to dig a trench, which the man could finish by himself in 12 days, and the boy in 20 days. Supposing them to begin at opposite ends, when should they exchange places, so as to meet exactly in the middle?

2.

A and B commence a piece of work, and, having worked 2 days, C joins them. In three days more, 5 boys come to their assistance (8 days being equal to 2 men). All work together for 5 days, when they disagree, having only two-thirds of the work completed. In what time would the remainder be done by the boys alone?

CONUNDRUM.

Name two words in the English language which contain all the vowels, and in their proper order?

FACETIÆ

A STOCK IN(G) TRADE.—Hosiery.

A BAD DEBT.—The owing of a grudge.

THE HEIGHT OF ADVERSITY.—Pledging your word.

WHY is your shadow like false friends? Because it follows you only in sunshine.

ADVERTISING for a wife is about as absurd as getting measured for an umbrella.

A CLOAK TO SIN.—When does a lady's cloak carry an untruth? When there is a false-hood to it.

BABIES are said to be the coupons attached to matrimonial bonds, with the interest payable at irregular intervals.

THE Sioux City Journal describes a ball-room belle as "a graceful little toad." She must have shone particularly in the hop.

A TOBACCONIST, with commendable frankness, advertises, "I shall continue to keep on hand imported cigars of my own manufacture."

PERSEVERANCE AND OBSTINACY.—The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is, that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong won't.

A SLIGHT MISAPPREHENSION.—Miss Swan (to her canary)—"Oh, you darling! Come and kiss me, then!" Young Lavender (who has not observed the cage)—"Oh, joy! Can I believe my ears?" Mem.—He believed them when they were boxed.

A TRULY HAPPY DAY.—"Well, Leonora, what have you and Harold been doing at Aunt Mabel's to-day?" "Had dinner." "And what did you do after dinner?" "Had tea." "But what did you do between dinner and tea?" "Had some cake!"

THERE is a Chinese establishment on Camp street, near Julia, New Orleans, that manufactures a peppermint oil; and the following placard can be seen in its show-window:

"the Pepermint Oil
for
Hed ake
Bellie "
Toth "

this oil anny person ort to have a bottle in his pocket it will kure anny kine sickness ware it happon."

ONE day a trapper out West heard the district schoolmaster say the earth turned round. This was a new idea to him, and he doubted it. So, when he went home that night, he put a potato on a stump by his cabin-door. In the morning it was just where he had placed it. "Now," said he, in triumph, "if the 'arth had turned round, whar would that tater hev been? If the 'arth had turned round, there would be the tallest scatterin' of the nations you ever did see. No, Mr. Schoolmaster, the 'arth is as flat as a pancake, and I know it."

THERE is an old proverb which declares that none can tell where the shoe pinches save he who wears it. The maxim has a thousand applications. A husband who appears to have found his wife a good deal less of an angel than he had imagined in the days of his courtship, lets out some domestic secrets in the following graphic manner:

"I own that she has charming locks
That on her shoulder fall;
What would you say to see the box
In which she keeps them all?
Her taper fingers, it is true,
Are difficult to match;
I wish, my friend, you only knew
How terribly they scratch!"

A VERDANT bridegroom left his young wife in their room at a Troy hotel on a recent Sunday evening, and went down to ask the clerk what time he lighted up. "Well," said the accommodating clerk, with a smile, "we usually light up at nine o'clock, but to accommodate you, I'll light up immediately." He then sent a bell boy to light the gas. The young man from the country was profuse in his thanks, and refused to go back to his wife until the clerk had accepted a cigar.

TOOTH-PULLING ILLUSTRATED.—Before the days of chloroform there was a quack who advertised tooth-drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair, and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar from the unpleasantly surprised sufferer. "Stop," cried the dentist; "compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twinge as a specimen, to show you Cartwright's method of operating." Again the instrument was applied—another tug, another roar. "Now don't be impatient; that is Dumerge's way; be seated and calm—you will be now sensible of the superiority of my method." Another application, another tug, another roar. "Now pray be quiet, that is Parkinson's mode, and you don't like it, no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by a thread, and whipping it out, the operator exultingly exclaimed: "That is my mode of tooth-drawing without pain, and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartwright, Dumerge and Parkinson."

A DIGNIFIED TRAVELER.—A tall, portly and dignified citizen of the Quaker persuasion, well known in Philadelphia, arrived in New York the other day, and having no baggage but a light traveling satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals of the hackmen as he emerged from the railway station.

"Fee—thavonoo Hotel! Fith Avenoo—goin' ritup! Fith Avenoo?"

Broadbrim stalked right on without a word. Another knight of the whip charged down on him.

"Say Nicholas Hotel? Say Nicholas coach? This way for the Say Nicholas."

No response from the passenger and not a muscle moved at this appeal. Then there was a rush of half-a-dozen.

"Kerridge, sir, kerridge? Wanter ride up?"

"Winsur House? Whose a goin' up to the Winsur?"

"Astor House, sir?"

"Brevoort House? Brevoort?"

"Metropolitan Hotel? Right down Broadway!"

"'Ere you are! kerridge, sir?"

The traveler, looming up like a ten-pin among vinegar cruets, and face as placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and silently moving away from the crowd of jarvies, who looked after him with something like amazement, when a sudden thought seemed to strike one, who, running after him, seized hold of one of the handles of his traveling bag, with:

"Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir? Goin' right up."

This was too much. Dignity relaxed into a laugh, and the hack driver got a fare for a down town hotel.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

Merely a simple tress—"Only a woman's hair;"
Ah me, what joy, what sorrow, is represented there!

"Only a woman's hair"—merely one little tress,
But O, how it conjures up a vanished happiness!

"Only a woman's hair," a tress of jet or of gold;
"Only a woman's hair," a gift of days of old;
Only a simple tress, given when we were young,
To be found the fondest treasured of all our treasures among.

"Only a woman's hair!" She's gone on the journey first,
And my only wish on earth is this weary heart would burst;
For I know, in that spirit land bright and fair,
She'll be on its threshold to welcome me there.

ALTA BELDEN.

BY RAY RAYMOND.

"Alta, my friend Ross Hamilton arrived last evening, and I am going to bring him to introduce to you. I know you will like him. Just sit here on the porch and I will go to him now." Without waiting for her to reply, Walter Belden placed a chair for his sister, and ere she had time to detain him was some distance from her.

The hotel veranda was, as usual immediately after breakfast at Cape May, crowded, so Alta could not give her brother chase, although at first she was inclined to do it and tell him she would prefer meeting his friend later in the day. This being impracticable Alta accepted the situation, and turning towards the sea, of which she never tired, soon forgot both her brother and Ross Hamilton in watching its billows as they tossed and glistened in the sunshine. For Alta old ocean had a strange fascination, and whether he smiled or frowned was glorious in her eyes. This morning he was in the best of humors, tumbling on the beach in bright, gay waves, singing the while a glad, sweet song.

It was a good thing Alta enjoyed all this so well, for it was fully an hour after Walter left before he returned. When at last he did saunter to the porch again and caught sight of Alta, he murmured unconsciously:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

Then remembering Ross added: "You know Alta is my only sister, and we have been everything to each other since our parents died, so perhaps she is prettier to me than to any one else."

"Is that Miss Belden sitting alone, with her face seaward?" asked Mr. Hamilton, casting an admiring glance at the lady indicated.

"Yes, that is Alta. I never saw a person as fond of the ocean as she is. I have known her to sit for hours, with that same rapt expression on her face, looking at it."

In truth, Alta Belden was very pretty sitting there that summer day, gazing out on the wide Atlantic. She was tall and graceful, and her face, without being positively beautiful, was so fair to see that it frequently charmed more than strictly handsome ones. The abundant brown hair was brushed smoothly back from a broad white forehead and looped in heavy braids about the shapely head, and the beautiful blue eyes were wondrously expressive. These, with the color coming and going in her cheeks at every varying thought, constituted her chief personal attractions. They were almost up to her now, still she had not noticed them.

"Alta," said Walter; "this is Mr. Hamilton."

She was a little startled, but rose in a moment and extending her hand to Mr. Hamilton said, in a sweet, distinct voice:

"I am happy to meet you. It always gives me pleasure to know Walter's friends."

"I have heard him speak of you so frequently, Miss Belden, that I feel as though greeting an old acquaintance," replied Ross.

Then Walter brought more chairs, and they being seated, a lively conversation ensued. When bathing time came, and they separated to prepare for what was to Alta the daily frolic in the waves, it seemed to Ross Hamilton that he had known Miss Belden for months instead of minutes.

Walter and Alta Belden were orphan children of wealthy parents. Their mother died when Alta first beheld the light; their father never recovered the shock of her death, and died eighteen months later, leaving his little ones to the care of a bachelor brother, whose pride and joy they had been from that hour. They lived upon a fine estate on the Hudson; here Walter and Alta, being the only children about the establishment, early learned to depend on one another for society, and great was the love that grew out of this constant association. They had never been parted until Walter went to Europe to complete his education. While abroad he met Ross Hamilton; a firm friendship soon existed between them, albeit Mr. Hamilton was some ten years Walter's senior. At the period of which we write Walter was twenty-four, and had recently been admitted to the bar. Alta was nineteen.

Few men possess the fascinations with which nature and fortune had endowed Ross Hamilton. He belonged to one of the best families of New York, was a graduate of Yale, a journalist by profession and had already attained quite an enviable reputation in the literary world. His figure was fine, his face handsome, and having once looked into his great, dark eyes men seldom failed to trust him; nor was their confidence misplaced, for it was known that his pen could not be bought, but was ever used in the cause of justice and right, to defend the weak, to denounce the wrong.

During the days that followed Mr. Hamilton's arrival he was constantly with Alta and Walter. None of these cared for the dressing, dancing and flirting that formed the chief business of the greater number of the visitors; but they read, drove, sailed, and took the longest and most delightful walks on the beach together.

Alta was unlike most of the women Ross Hamilton was accustomed to meet. She was remarkably intelligent, but it was her pure, fresh nature, rather than her intellect, which drew him towards her irresistibly, and soon he was happy only when in her presence. Walter noticed this, and saw with pleasure that Alta was far from indifferent to the attentions of his friend. Ross had traveled extensively, and to Alta his knowledge of men and things appeared unbounded, so when Walter was of the party they always conversed; if, however, as sometimes happened, Alta and Ross were left alone, silence generally fell upon them, they being perfectly contented if in each other's society; words were unnecessary, therefore not missed. They learned to love rapidly, and ere a month passed Alta had promised to be Ross's wife if her uncle consented to their union. Walter, as he pressed a congratulatory kiss upon Alta's brow, said:

"Ross is the only man I know to whom I would be willing to give my little sister."

He had called her his "little sister" ever since the days of their childhood, when he had carried her across the brooks and helped her over the fences of their country home, and now there was a look of peculiar tenderness in his face, as turning to Ross, he added:

"Be very gentle with her, Ross. I love her so much that it would be a grievous thing to part with her did I not know that you love her even better, if possible, than I do."

The days that succeeded were full of joy and peace to Alta and Ross, just such days as come but once in a lifetime, when the world appears to take unto itself a new glory, and seems all light, all happiness. Alas! that bliss so great is apt to endure but for a season.

One evening, some two weeks after their engagement, they were seated on the porch with Walter looking at the mail, which had arrived a few moments previously, when Walter, glancing up from a letter he was reading, exclaimed:

"Alta, Lily Canby is going to be married next month. Who do you think is the fortunate gentleman?"

"I don't know; tell me, please?"

"Granville Lea."

"Oh, surely not! He is divorced and his first wife is living yet."

"Well, it is nevertheless true that Lily is to be his second. Many excellent people do not think it wrong to marry again after being divorced."

"Nothing could induce me to marry a man who had been divorced. I should think Lily would continually hear sounding in her ears the solemn charge, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

"*What God hath joined together no man can put asunder.* In the marriages that he makes the mind, heart, soul are all united, and it would be as useless to try and separate two people thus bound as to attempt to divide the waters of the mighty sea."

It was Ross who had spoken in a strange, quick manner, quite unusual with him; and Alta, noticing that he was ashy pale, exclaimed:

"Why, Ross, what is the matter with you? Are you sick?"

"No, darling, only a little dizzy. Come, walk with me on the beach; the air from the sea will do me good. We will leave Walter to finish his letters."

She took his arm and they walked across the lawn and some distance up the beach, until they were far beyond all other ramblers, but Ross uttered not a word. Alta at length, fearing he was ill, urged him to return to the hotel.

"No, no, Alta; I have something I want to tell you. I have greatly erred in not doing so before, but oh! believe me, my darling, I never intended to deceive you. I would willingly lay down my life to save you from pain, and yet I must inflict it; forgive me, love, forgive me." His words sounded like a wail, and into his face a great sorrow had come.

"Of course I will forgive you. Tell me what it is, Ross, dear; it can't be very bad."

"I was married thirteen years ago, and divorced three months afterwards. The woman I married is still alive."

Alta neither fainted nor screamed, but every bit of color went out of her cheeks and she trembled violently. He put his arm around her to support her, and as he did so two or three great tears fell on Alta's forehead; when she could speak she said:

"Ross, I love you as few men ever are loved. I will love you always, but I never can be your wife."

"Oh! Alta, don't say that; you are my wife already in the sight of God. I cannot give you up."

"Yes, Ross, you can do anything that it is right to do. It will be hard, fearfully hard, but I cannot marry you." The words were low, and her lips quivered so much he could see that it required no small sacrifice to say them.

Ross took hope from this, and went on to tell her that when he was scarcely twenty-one, having gone West on business for his father, he met at one of the frontier forts a beautiful girl, the daughter of an army officer, with whom he imagined himself in love. Having obtained the consent of her father he addressed the young lady, who accepted him and they were married immediately. About three weeks afterwards he discovered that his wife's father had forced her to marry him on account of his wealth, and that she was really in love with a gentleman attached to the department. This greatly shocked him, and while revolving what course to pursue his wife eloped with his rival. Then he came home and told his father the whole story; together they went West and procured a divorce. He learned very soon that his wife had not stirred the depths of his affections, and in a short time the affair seemed more like a dream than an actual occurrence. Since then he had never loved any one until he saw her pure, sweet face that morning on the porch.

"I should have told you all this, Alta, dear, before, but I was never taught to look upon divorces in the light you do, and had no idea it could be any impediment to our marriage. Of my love, my love, don't let it be."

Still she adhered firmly to her first decision, saying:

"I don't blame you for not telling me before; I understand it all, and I love you more than I ever dreamt I could love an earthly creature; how it grieves me to think of being separated from you you cannot know, but it would be wrong, feeling as I do on this subject, to marry you." Then her self-control gave way, and hiding her face in his bosom, she sobbed aloud.

The evening had been bright and calm. As they left the hotel the sun was just sinking peacefully to rest, but as night deepened, a change had come over nature, till now dark clouds were flying hither and thither, blotting out the stars and obscuring the moon, and the ocean moaned and sighed like a living thing as the wind swept over its restless breast. Ross saw the storm gathering, and shuddering, as he thought it might be emblematic of their future life, drew Alta to him more closely, and pressing a passionate kiss on her lips, said:

"Alta, my life is bound up in you. I shall love you always. I do not think it would be wrong in you to marry me, but I will not influence you to do what your judgment does not approve, but I shall love you even as though I was your husband."

"I will love you forever, Ross; forever, and may our Heavenly Father purify our love until we stand before him." And the great sea, and the sky, and the good God, whose best earthly gift to man is just such love as this, were witnesses to their vows.

"Ross," said Alta, as they reached the hotel, "let me tell Walter; I can make him understand it all so much better than you." She did tell him in such a way that he did not for one moment blame Ross, and in his first surprise, he could scarcely tell for which of them he sorrowed most. He did not say anything, only took her in his arms and kissed her very gently; but his manner was better than any words. Alta spent a sleepless night, but did not tell even Walter how she suffered.

That night, after leaving Alta, Ross walked on the beach for hours. He went on and on, hardly knowing or caring where he was, certain of but one thing, that a great grief had overtaken him, the burden of which was almost too heavy to be borne. He judged Alta's love by his own, and was nearly beside himself when he thought of the trouble he had brought upon her. He felt that all the beauty and joy was drifting out of their lives, and he was powerless to so much as lift his hand to detain it, for he had determined not to attempt again to influence Alta's decision. After a time he became more calm; then he prayed for Alta and himself, prayed as only the broken and crushed in spirit can pray. The gray dawn was creeping over the sea before he went back to the house.

Two days later Alta and Ross parted. Alta requested Ross not to write to her. She thought that perhaps if no correspondence was kept up, Ross might, in time, forget her amid the bustle and hurry of his busy life. She loved him sincerely enough to want him to do this, if possible. He, not knowing why she made the request, assented to it.

When Alta reached home she found her uncle far from well, and during a long and tedious illness that followed, she devoted herself entirely to him. She grew thin and pale, but every one, fortunately, attributed it to the close confinement of the sick room; even Walter did not guess the truth. As her uncle began to recover, he noticed her changed looks, and threatened to send her away from home again, but Alta, smilingly, told him that he knew he could not do without her. After this she exerted herself to seem more cheerful, and as she never complained, her appearance ceased to be a subject of comment.

Alta was too true a woman to spend her life in mourning over her own particular sorrow, and, therefore, she was soon at work among the poorer classes of the vicinity, and ere the spring came, there was not an humble house in the village near her home wherein she was not known and loved.

Five years passed, and in all this time Alta and Ross had not met; they had heard occasionally of one another through Walter, but nothing more. At length people commenced to wonder why the charming Miss Belden did not accept some one of the many suitors who were known to have sought to win her, but Walter alone was in possession of the secret why Alta remained single.

Walter had married a lovely girl, who was indeed a sister to Alta, and their oldest child, now three years of age, was named after Alta.

One afternoon in October, Alta was sitting in the library reading, when her little niece came running in, saying:

"Tantie, Tantie, a gen'man in de parlo wants 'ou. Me go too."

This was no unusual announcement, so taking the child by the hand, Alta went slowly across the wide hall, thinking, with a sigh, that the only man, except Walter and her uncle, whom she cared to see, could never come to her.

Opening the parlor door, what was her amazement to see Ross Hamilton seated at a window directly opposite her. He rose as she entered and came towards her. She was so surprised at seeing him that she forgot what had separated them, only remembering that this man she loved above all others. Alta dropped the hand of the child, and going up to Mr. Hamilton put out both her little hands to him, exclaiming:

"Oh! Ross, I am so glad to see you."

"Then come to me, my darling." And in a moment Alta was folded to his breast in a long, close embrace.

Little Alta watched her aunt for awhile, and as neither she nor the gentleman took any notice of her, the tiny lady being hurt at this neglect, went in search of her father, to whom she communicated the somewhat startling intelligence that:

"Der was a man in de parlo tissing Tantie," and the indignant child began to cry in a manner in no way calculated to increase the pleasure of the fine Havana her father was just then enjoying.

Walter at first tried to soothe her, but not succeeding in any remarkable degree, carried her back to the parlor to show the little thing, what he supposed to be, her mistake.

"Why, Ross, are you really here?" and Walter was scarcely less surprised than Alta had been.

Ross soon explained to Walter what he had already told Alta, that hearing a few days before of the death of his boyish love, he had come to claim her as his wife, if time had not effaced his memory from her heart.

Walter, too, had forgotten his daughter, whom he still held in his arms, but upon whom he had not bestowed a single thought since first seeing Ross. She now reminded them all of her presence by exclaiming:

"No, 'ou shan't tiss my Tantie again, neber any more." And it was many days before she permitted him, when she was near, without entering her protest in a very decided way.

They were married at Christmas. Walter gave the bride away, and, although the wedding was a quiet one, few happier brides are ever found than was Alta Hamilton. It is now five years since they were pronounced "man and wife," in the little church on the Hudson, and the light of the "honeymoon" is in no degree dimmed, and there is every reason to believe it never will be.

FEW things are more necessary to success in life than decision of character. With it a man can rarely fail; without it he can rarely succeed.

LIKE flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another.

EDUCATION.—The most important part of every man's education is that which he gives to himself.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

I had been out rather late to a party; the evening had been pleasantly spent in dancing and singing with the young ladies, who are always sure to congregate in large numbers upon such occasions. Our supper had been excellent. I had seen a fair inamorata to her father's domicile, and had just returned home somewhat wearied. I threw myself upon my couch, to snatch, if possible, before daybreak, a few hours' sleep; but had hardly fairly launched off into the arms of Morpheus, ere I was handed a note, coming from an intimate friend, requesting my presence at his house at once.

I must confess that I felt disinclined, at first, to comply with this singular request, but finally concluded to go. I hardly know how I reached the place, but a few minutes afterwards found me seated in his private room.

I noticed he looked somewhat excited, and immediately asked for the object of this rather hasty and unseasonable summons. He bade me not be over anxious, and conversed a few moments upon the general topics of the day, then said he had sent for me for a special purpose, which he would let me understand directly.

He had been standing all this time near an open book-case, and had been fumbling around for something that he seemed to be at a loss to find, when, all at once, he turned towards me, with his eyes fairly starting from their sockets, a demoniac lighting-up of his whole countenance, a trembling of his whole frame, and, with gestures truly terrifying, he bade me prepare to die.

The truth flashed upon me at once; my friend was insane! For a moment I was staggered, bewildered; what could I do? I thought my time had come, and, oh, horrors! what a death! for he held in his hand an open razor. I looked for a chance of escape; but none was presented me. The door I had neglected to shut was open; but now he stood between me and that only chance of escape. Like a drowning man, my whole life passed in panoramic view before me. I thought of friends, of home, of prospects, of one I loved dearer than life, of—yes, everything pertaining to my individual existence. A silent prayer went up to heaven. All this was but a minute. I pressed my hand upon my heart to keep down its throbbings, and was ready.

But a thought suggested itself to me! "Aleck," I said, "before you cut my throat, had you not better shut the door?"

He turned silently to comply with my request. That moment—that turn was my salvation. With two firm hands I grasped a heavy chair within my reach, and rushed towards him. I struck with force upon the back part of the head, which staggered him; the next was a well-directed blow upon the temporal bone, which blow felled him to the floor, apparently lifeless. I waited for nothing; I jumped over his prostrate body, through the partly closed door, then down the stairs with a rush, making for the front door leading to the street. I stumbled and fell! The shock—awakened me. I had been dreaming. I found myself sprawling upon all-fours upon the floor. It seems, in my struggle I had rolled from my bed, and the shock of course aroused me.

The dream had caused the prespiration to start from every pore. I sat upright, and came to the conclusion, then and there, that late suppers, especially when we indulge too freely in cakes and pies of every conceivable shape and make, were not just the things for a person's stomach, unless it could be made of something of the consistence and strength of leather.

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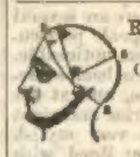

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Never has the Goddess Fashion been more obliging in her mandates, more artistic in her designs than now. Never was there a time when there has been greater license for display of individual taste, freer scope for fancy than the present. All the gay world has fled to the mountains and seashore for coolness and health—yet still the modistes are busy. The season was very late this year owing to a tardy spring.

Our special correspondent from Paris writes us that there is not as yet any very decided change in the fashions prevalent at the commencement of the season, since this may be considered as the "transition state" before the decision goes forth for the autumn style. Still there are rumors and hints, of which we avail ourselves and offer to our readers.

First of all we give some notes of interest concerning the arrangement of the hair. Formerly it was the thing, if fashion uttered the fiat, after the manner of children playing at "Simon says thumbs up," "braids up"—straightway all hair arose, and piled itself upon the summit of heads, "black, golden or gray." Lean visages and unsightly ears flaunted forth. Long necks quivered under the mountain of braids, curls, puffs, etc., and looked more crane-like and emaciated than ever, all bare and destitute of the softening veil of "nature's chief adornment." Or now the command "braids down." Then instantly they fell; dumpy figures appeared shorter; broad faces grew "full-moony" to a painful degree, and large heads appeared, out of all proportion, set off against an immense background of rolls, braids, etc., hanging behind.

Now a happy change has taken place. You may, take my word for it, dear readers, wear your locks, auburn or brown, gold or ebon, in any style suitable to your own peculiar loveliness, and yet not "be out of the fashion."

Our correspondent writes us that for blondes, who are lovely and embonpoint, the favorite style is to wear the back hair in loose finger-puffs, naturally rolled, arranged longitudinally or across the back of the head—this must be decided by the shape of the head. If broad and flat upon the top, wear the puffs longitudinally. The front hair may also be worn puffed—but let the puffs be smaller; or it may be frizzed, and worn with a light fringe falling over the forehead—not too low, as that gives an expression of idiocy; or instead, have a few fleecy curl-tendrils floating above the brow. Just behind the left ear droop two Alexandrine curls, of unequal length. High up, on the same side, nestling amid the soft puffs, is often worn a bow of black velvet or faille ribbon, or a half-opened rose and buds. Imagine anything more charming and picturesque than this style.

For brunettes the styles are more simple, more severe. Those who have full round faces and rich, fresh coloring, still adhere to the high coils or braids, *a la couronne*; while the front is slightly waved and drawn back straight from the temples, on either side of which may be worn the little flat curls so popular among Spanish beauties, and known as "senoritas."

A very pretty and coquettish way of arranging the front hair above a piquante brunette face, is to part it at the left side; wave it and comb lightly over towards the right temple, then turn it under, forming a roll or puff, concealing the ends under a coronet braid or roll of hair.

A later style, and one very becoming to slender, pensive faces, is the thick single braid worn low at the back of the head, turned under and fastened in the centre with a double bow of black faille ribbon four inches wide.

For the country, the seaside, traveling, and indeed for morning toilette generally, and sometimes for driving, the large Leghorn flats are extremely popular. Being such a graceful, sensible article of head-gear they commend themselves to the admiration of the sterner sex, which, of course, enhances their value in the eyes of the ladies. They are to be purchased at very reasonable prices too, which in these panic-days is not to be despised. One firm in the city sold them, excellent quality, too, for $1.75 apiece. Very nice ones can now be procured for two and three dollars. There are several shapes, but I shall only speak particularly of two—as being most noticeable. One, turned up slightly at the back somewhat after the gipsy shape, and at the left side, while the front rim and right side droop. I noticed a very stylish looking one of this shape; lined with black turquoise silk, and caught up on the left with a bow of faille ribbon and jet aigrette; a long black ostrich plume curling over towards the right and then falling gracefully over the back, completed a trimming at once simple and elegant. Another I noticed was of the wide brimmed flat shape, the rim lined with pale blue, caught up on one side with a bow and knot of black velvet and a large white ostrich feather. And yet another was unlined, and trimmed simply with a wreath of hawthorn and a small scarf of white India silk twilled, fastened with a large pearl buckle. This last was very fresh and girlish, and also very becoming.

Small bonnets or hats of black and white chip are still in the ascendency for full dress toilettes. The black are prettiest with the high crown of silk of the same shade or else French gray, while the brim droops over the forehead somewhat. A bunch of Provence roses, pale blush or salmon-tinted, together with a pompon and an ostrich feather give a *recherche* finish to such a bonnet. Those of white chip are prettier with the coronet front or the revers front, lined with pale blue, pink or buff, ostrich tip to match the lining above the face, and some delicate cluster of buds or spray of smaller flowers. Lace string, wide and edged with thread lace one or two inches deep, are often fastened at the back of the bonnet, brought round and crossed scarf-fashion across the bosom. But with the large scarf of Spanish net, still so much admired and worn, these seem to be superfluous. Scarfs of guipure are given the preference to those of Spanish net among ladies who can afford the difference in price, as the latter are apt to become "stringy" very soon.

And now, *au revoir* for the present.

"NINON."

THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

BY W. A. MORRIS.

"The shortest way home by half a mile—
I come so very often by it—
Is up the road, across the stile,
And through the meadow. Shall we try it?"
The days were not without a charm
When, talking soft and looking silly,
My love and I walked arm-in-arm,
And lanes were long and fields were stilly.

We found so many things to say
That always, in shiny weather,
We took the—well, the *shorter* way,
To be a longer time together.
We spoke about (but, goodness knows,
Our topics of confabulation)—
About the weather, I suppose,
The crops, the harvest, and the nation.

At all events, although the talk
Was neither wise nor witty,
We ended each successive walk
With "Home already—what a pity!"
We might have lost a little ground
Through coming by the road selected,
But both agreed that we had found
The journey shorter than expected.

Can Life's experiment support
The paradox that Love proposes?
Does *any* path seem very short,
Unless it be the path of roses?
We seldom find the nearest way:
And if we hit upon and take it,
By creeping on from day to day
It seems as long as length can make it.

The road to fame is never brief,
The way to wealth is dull and dreary;
All earthly routes, in my belief,
Are very long and very weary:
Nay—*one* that leads through care and strife
Is short, when mortals once begin it;
We take the "near" cut *out* of life,
Although we take the longest in it.

AMONG THE DUCKS.

BY C. D. CLARK.

A scene of singular beauty, such as is rarely to be found, except in our own beautiful land. It is in the depths of a solemn forest, grand old pines, beech and hemlock commingled, the varied hues of the leaves forming beautiful contrasts in the picture. In the centre, set like a jewel in the bosom of the forest, lies a beautiful lake, two or three miles across—and perhaps a mile long. In the centre of the lake stood a beautiful green island, containing in all not more than five acres, dotted here and there with scattered trees. The grass upon the island was fresh and green, and the perfume of a hundred wood flowers was wafted on the laden breeze. High in the air, above the water, there hung suspended a pair of fish-hawks, their keen eyes fixed upon the lake below, seeking a victim among the finny tribes. And perched upon the limb of a tall tree, sat a bald eagle, waiting to rob the hawks, should they succeed in their efforts.

Near the southern end of the lake, a bunch of green boughs and tangled ferns could be seen drifting slowly down past the island. There was little wind, and yet the bunch made fair progress toward the upper end of the lake. And, remarkable as it may seem, this bunch of grass and weeds was making progress against both wind and tide! What is the meaning of this? The hawks look down upon the floating bunch, and doubtless wonder at the phenomenon; the fish approach it, and swim away in some alarm; a great loon, rising erect upon the water, stretched his short wings, and dove with wonderful quickness; and when next seen, was nearly half a mile away.

Still the bunch floated on against wind and current. Still the fish approached to investigate, and swam rapidly away, while the bunch approached the upper end of the lake, where its feeder, a creek of some size, had spread out over a shallow, from which had grown up tall rank ferns, rushes, water lilies, and the like. It was the home of the wild duck. They feed upon the succulent roots of the water lilies, and at all hours of the day this portion of the lake swarmed with them. There we can see the stately canvas back, leading out her brood of ducklings; there the black duck, with his rich markings about the collar and head; there the butterfall, a toothsome morsel; there the wood duck, plump and enticing; and last, the diver, that terror of young hunters, who pursue him in the mistaken notion that he is good for anything, if once run down. They will dive at the flash of a gun, and by the time the shot strikes the water, will be looking at you from beneath a broad lily leaf, perhaps within ten feet of your boat.

The pasture ground was full now, feeding. A duck, floating calmly upon the surface of the water, suddenly elevates his short tail in the air, gives a kick with his awkward feet, and the next moment is tugging at the roots of a water lily, imbedded in the mud below. Then he will come to the surface triumphant, and begin to feast upon the succulent morsel. Another bird, less lucky or more lazy, makes a snatch at the root and is off, pursued by the irate owner; for it is rare, indeed, when a bird is allowed to enjoy in peace the fruits of his labor. Now and then, a pair of stately drakes erect their crests, and with loud defiant quacks, clash together in battle, fighting with a fierceness of which we have no conception, unless we have witnessed such a fray.

But, the bunch which we noticed near the island has now passed over the intervening water, still in defiance of wind and current, and is slowly approaching the feeding ground of the ducks. There is something strange about it, which the birds do not understand. It is quite beyond their experience that this bunch should float in that way, contrary to the law of nature. The birds come together in a clump, in the middle of the feeding ground, and to all appearance, hold a consultation. It will not do for them to betray fear too soon, or be driven from their feeding ground by a mere bunch of grass and pine boughs. A score of drakes swam out from the midst of the rest, and scattered about the surface of the stream, evidently bound to investigate this phenomena. The moment they approached, the bunch ceased to advance, but remained stationary upon the water.

The drakes hesitated, and with heads inclined to one side, in a very knowing manner, they looked at the stationary bunch. Will it pay to go nearer, and make sure? The heads come together again, and a loud gabbling confab followed, after which the birds swam away in various directions, while the loud greeting of their friends and relations, announced that they were satisfied with the inspection, and all returned to the destruction of the roots. The momentary fear had vanished, and the confusion of the place was indescribable. They no longer paid any attention to the strange bunch, which was floating about in eccentric circles, until at last, as if driven by the wind, it stopped suddenly in the very midst of the ducks. They recoiled a little, but at that moment half a dozen long brown tubes protruded from amid the branches, streams of fire leaped forth, and the water was strown with the dead forms of many of the birds.

The attack was so sudden, coming from an object which had been in a manner pronounced to be perfectly safe by their leaders, that for a moment the ducks remained upon the water, stunned and dazed. The next instant they rose upon the wing, in a great cloud, hovering over the fatal bunch.

Again the long brown tubes were elevated, the streams of fire leaped out, and duck after duck came down upon the surface of the water, dead before they touched it. The flock, which had been striving to escape into the open lake, were turned back by this last attack and disappeared with a rushing sound up the creek. The leafy covering was thrown off, and revealed a long green boat, in which five men were seated, holding in their hands the long double barrels, which had done all this mischief.

"Look out, boys," cried a rough looking man, who sat in the stern, holding a paddle. "Load up, all of you, for they will be back. A duck won't fly over the land if they can help it."

A touch on the spring of each breech-loader, and the barrels dropped; the cartridges were inserted, the barrels sprung into their places, and the party was ready to fire again.

"Paddle away, Hank," cried the man in the bow. "You have done nobly this time, and have fully redeemed your promise to give us noble sport."

The guide again dipped his paddle into the water, and the long sharp boat slid onward without a sound. That "Hank" was an old canoeman, any one could tell at a glance. There was no splash as the paddle rose and fell, though every stroke told. All at once he paused, and laid his paddle across his knees, while he took up his own gun, which lay near his hand.

"Here they come," he whispered. "Let every shot tell."

There was a rush of wings, like the sound of a great wind, and a cloud seemed to darken the sun. It was the great flock, rushing down the stream, fully determined to get out into the lake, at whatever hazard. Once there, they would defy any hunters to approach them. The divers, appalled by the tumult, plunged under the leaves and peeped out at the boat, with wild, startled eyes; while the great body of game birds came rushing down the stream.

"Give it to 'em!" cried Hank.

Every man raised his gun, and the slaughter began. But nothing could now turn back the rushing tide, and in spite of the rattling shot, and the streams of fire which riddled their ranks, and brought down many dead and dying, they passed through that fiery ordeal and gained the open lake.

"Let's pick up the game, lads," said Hank. "That is the last you will see of that flock on the feeding ground for many an hour."

They turned back, collecting the game as they went. And when the last bird which they could find had been picked up—for many were hopelessly lost among the high rushes—they counted out forty birds, the result of the craft of Hank Marshall, the Guide of Emerald Lake.

ALOISE SENEFELDER;
OR,
How Lithography was Discovered.

BY E. A. P.

At Munich, in the year 1795, a new comedy was acted, one night, at the principal theatre. The part of one of the characters, whose duty it was to keep the audience in a perpetual roar of laughter, was sustained by a young man, whose mournful aspect, and spiritless gestures, were strangely at variance with the drolleries he uttered. He seemed to be about seventeen years old; his figure was tall and slender, his countenance pale, and his large blue eyes wore an expression of profound melancholy. The piece was unmercifully hissed; and, as soon as it was over, while the young actor was changing his dress, one of the attendants appeared.

"Mr. Aloise Senefelder!" said he. "The manager wishes to speak to you immediately."

"Tell him I am coming," replied the young man; and hastily finishing his toilette, he repaired to the manager's room.

"Mr. Senefelder," said the man in authority, "do you know that I am the author of the play acted to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said Aloise, timidly.

"Do you know the piece is condemned?"

"Sir," said Aloise, "I did my best—"

"To make it fail, and you have succeeded," said the incensed author. "From this moment you are no longer one of my company. Here is what I owe you—take it, sir, and withdraw."

Astonished at these words, Aloise stood like a statue; he seemed without power, either to take the money or to move. At length the box-keeper, who was present, took the few coins and placed them in his hand; and the cold contact of the silver recalling him to recollection, he clasped his fingers convulsively together, and falling on his knees, burst into tears.

"Ah! don't send me away, don't send me away!" he cried.

"I want an actor, not a mourner," said the manager-author, in whose ears the hisses were yet ringing. "In place of laughing, you weep."

"Sir, my father died two days ago, and he is not yet buried, for want of a coffin to contain his dear remains. My mother and my five little brothers and sisters have only me to depend on. Try me then, Mr. Sparmann, try me once more, I beseech you."

"Sorry I can't grant your request," said the manager, taking up his hat, and moving towards the door.

As he passed Aloise, on whose pale face the tears seemed frozen by despair, the feelings of the *man* partly conquered those of the *author*.

"Double the salary, and pay for the father's funeral, Mr. Fritz," he said to the box-keeper, and went out.

Fritz took a few crowns from a drawer, placed them in the hand of Aloise, helped him to rise; and then, giving him his arm, assisted him out of the theatre. Kindly supporting the poor boy's tottering steps, the box-keeper led him to an undertaker's shop, and gave orders for a humble coffin; then, seeing him able to walk alone to his mother's lodging, Fritz took leave of him, and returned to the theatre.

The widow Senefelder inhabited a miserable apartment in an obscure part of the city. Want and misery were stamped on the innocent faces of the five little ones who surrounded her, and who, with one accord, rushed towards Aloise as he entered.

The eldest, a pretty girl of ten years old, drew them back, and putting her lips close to her brother's ear, whispered, "Have you brought any supper, Aloise?"

"Here," said he, giving her the silver he had received.

"So much as that!" said the sister; "they must be very much pleased to give you so many crowns."

"So much pleased, Marianne, that they have dismissed me."

"Then you are no longer an actor," said one of the little boys. "So much the better; it is an ungodly profession, our curate says."

"Yes," rejoined another child; "but how shall we get money to buy bread, if Aloise does nothing?"

"Hush! hush," said Marianne; "don't let our dear mamma hear this bad news to-night. We will pray to God, who has taken papa to Himself, and perhaps He will send us some consolation."

Aloise was silent. He watched all night by his father's corpse, and the next morning followed it to the grave. Instead of returning home, he wandered idly through the streets, pursued by the still recurring question, "What can I do?"

Night approached. He thought of returning to his mother, recollecting how uneasy his absence would make her; but when he looked around, he knew not where he was. In absence of mind, he had wandered far into the country, and the rushing of a river struck his ear. He approached its bank, and overcome by fatigue and hunger, he sank down on the soft grass. For some time he watched the flowing water, till a dreadful idea entered his poor harassed brain.

"Beneath that quiet wave," he thought "all my woes would soon be ended. I am no longer good for anything; I am only a burden to my mother, giving her another mouth to feed. I will therefore die, and all will be over!"

Aloise had been educated in sentiments of Christian piety; and now, like a ray of light from heaven, the thought struck him that he was meditating a fearful crime. He shuddered, and kneeling down, prayed fervently for pardon.

While on his knees his ideas became gradually confused, the water ceased to flow and the stars to shine. Aloise slept.

When he opened his eyes, it was daylight; the scene around was gilded by the rising sun; he heard the pleasant singing of the birds, and his heart expanded with joy. He was still among the living; he had not accomplished his wicked resolution, and falling again on his knees, he thanked heaven for its mercy. Notwithstanding his bodily weakness, he felt refreshed, and sat down for a few moments on the grass, to collect his thoughts, ere he set out on his return to the city.

While thus resting, his eyes fell on a smooth white chalk-stone, on which was traced the delicate semblance of a sprig of moss, with all its minute flowers and tender fibres. He remembered that, the evening before, his tears had fallen on this stone, and moistened the sprig of moss, which had probably fallen on it from the beak of some wandering bird. Now, the moss was no longer there, the wind had borne it away; but its impress remained so exquisitely traced on the smooth white surface of the stone, that the young German could not help being struck with the phenomenon.

"This means something," thought he. "I may have been lead in mercy to this spot. I am a bad actor, a bad singer—but who knows? I may be reserved for something better."

Taking the stone in his hand, Aloise rose up, and turned his steps homeward.

At the gate of the city, he met his little brother, whom his mother had sent to seek him. The child told him that an old uncle of their mother had come to see her the morning of the burial, and had given her a sum of money, to relieve her wants.

"Heaven, I thank thee," said young Senefelder, mentally.

He did not know that the stone, which he held in his hand, would cause him in after days still greater emotions of thankfulness. At first, he employed his discovery only in ornamenting the covers of caskets, snuff-boxes, etc.; but one day it occurred to him to take off on wet paper the picture drawn on stone. The experiment succeeded, and lithography was discovered.

In time, Aloise brought the art to perfection; he studied chemistry for the purpose; and rich and happy with his prosperous family around him, he felt that he could never be sufficiently thankful for having outlived his design of self-destruction.

"Why should we ever despair?" he would say. "Heaven can turn our pain into pleasure, and our bitterness into joy."

MENTAL LABOR.

As a marvellous instance of what one man may achieve by doing systematically and thoroughly whatever he undertakes, we cannot do better than consider the life of Alexander Von Humboldt, the author of "Cosmos." There was no part of the world he had not visited, and he had been nowhere without acquiring the most exact knowledge of the whole country, its geology, its animal life, its botany, all its physical characteristics, as well as the language, habits, customs, laws and religion, and history of its people. He led this life till he was ninety years of age; and even then no fact, in any part of the world, that had any bearing on scientific truth escaped his notice. His mind was a museum, where all the knowledge that had been brought into the world was placed in order, carefully guarded, and always ready for use. We are not wrong in attributing the boundless learning and prodigious memory of this great man to his habit of systematizing his mental labor, and to his power of self-concentration, and to his belief in the wisdom of God.

HAVE COURAGE! Fight life's battle with brave, strong hearts, and when the end comes you will find peace. Is it not better, when we are nearing the "shadowy vale," waiting for the reaper to close our eyes for our last long sleep, to feel that we tried to be true, and that, if there was sin committed, it was not our sin? This side of the hill we must climb is dark and rough, and as we look about us, our dimmed eyes can see no glimmer of light, no smooth place for our weary feet; but if we would only trust Him a little longer—only had the faith to tread the path before us with patience and endurance, on the other side we should find rest.

THE man who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking or knowing its value.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD COUNTRY.—A deserter from the British army is always liable to punishment if captured. There is no fixed time at which he is freed from the liability.

G. D. S.—The cost of an engagement ring should be made to depend upon the means or circumstances of the gentleman presenting it. It should, of course, only be presented after the proposal has been made and regularly accepted.

RUBY.—If a person marries in a false name, and the other person (husband or wife) does not know that the name is false, the marriage is perfectly valid and legal; but if both knew the name to be false at the time, then the marriage would be illegal and void.

G. E. W. (Chestnut Hill).—For the removal of cherry stains, or, indeed, any fruit stains from colored, cotton and woolen goods, the best method is to wash out the spots with lukewarm water and soap, or with spirits of hartshorn. The same process must be followed in the case of silk goods thus stained, only it must be done very cautiously indeed.

M. A. W. (Princeton, Ark.)—The East Indies, as distinguished from West Indies, include not merely the two great peninsulas of Southern Asia, but likewise all the adjacent islands from the delta of the Indus to the northern extremity of the Philippines. They thus extend, to use round numbers, in latitude from 35° N to 10° S, and in E longitude from 65° to 130°.

LEANNER.—"Please tell me what are the tools used by wood-engravers." They consist of gravers, flat-tools, chisels and gouges. The gravers are used to cut the various lines—straight, crooked, curved or cross lines. *Flat-tools*, which are distinguished by the flatness of the blade, are used to cut parallel lines, and are called "tints." *Gouges* and *chisels* are used to clear out and around the blocks.

EDWARD.—The third finger of the right hand is the proper one for the engagement ring, but many wear it upon the forefinger of the left hand, leaving the third finger for the wedding ring. By many, opals are considered unlucky for an engagement ring, though it is only a fancy and nothing else. As to the emblematical signification of the stones you mention, pearls signify purity, sapphires love, emeralds constancy, rubies fidelity and diamonds hope.

SATANELLA.—In our opinion, young ladies cannot be too chary of favors accorded to the opposite sex, who are not in any way related to them, and, there, we think you are quite right in not letting the young gentleman who is your steady company, "kiss you as often as he wants to." Lovers even should be kept at a prudent distance. The old adage about too much familiarity breeding contempt applies very forcibly to young ladies who are tempted to step beyond the bounds of prescribed conventionalities.

OPERATOR (Phenixville).—Well, we won't ridicule you; though we confess we never felt so much inclined to laugh as we did while reading over your letter. All we will say is that we do not see why you should be so despanding, or fancy that the girl does not love you, for it is just as clear as noonday to us that she does, and that it is all owing to your unaccountable backwardness and faint-heartedness that you have not had it from her own lips. Don't write any more letters, but just tell her all you feel the very next time you see her.

A. P. S.—You must have a little patience and not be so very indignant with the mother of the young lady to whom you are engaged, because she will not give her consent to your marriage. Both you and the young lady are as yet too juvenile to think seriously of marriage, so you can very well afford to wait a few years, and in the meantime, you should endeavor, by your good conduct, to overcome the old lady's prejudices against you, that is supposing she has any such prejudices. Time is apt to set all such things right which nothing else can harmonize.

J. M. H.—The only way in which you can ever hope to overcome your bashfulness and timidity in company is to keep going into society, and until you become so accustomed to it as to feel at home in any company. You will never in this world get over it by keeping out of company and moping by yourself. A knowledge of the current topics of the day, the reading of the newspapers, a glance over literary journals and a careful attention to what others say are indispensable for anyone who is anxious to take part with ease in the conversation of the company amongst whom he may be thrown.

RANCY (Leatherwood).—"Would you be so kind as to gratify an old reader, by telling him who is the author of the trite little couplet

"Rogues ne'er feel the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

You have not quoted the lines correctly. They should be

"No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

They occur in (Canto 3, Line 88) "McFingal," a modern Epic-poem, composed in Hudibrastic verse, by John Trumbull, L. L. D., a very conspicuous literary character who lived 1750-1831.

JENNIE.—So long as the young gentlemen had not proposed to you, and there was no engagement whatever, it was very imprudent, indeed, and highly unbecoming for you to be so demonstrative as you confess you were, and to have allowed him to read the true state of your feelings. We grant that it is not always an easy or a possible matter for a lady to conceal the fact that she is favorably inclined towards a particular gentleman; but she must exercise all possible control over herself, so that she may not betray this feeling more that she can avoid. Of course, when once you are engaged, it is not necessary to conceal your predilection, you can then throw off this reserve as necessary before, and let the gentleman see that his love is reciprocated.

INQUIRER.—"I have seen various statements made about the greatest depth of the sea, but none seemed to agree, and I should like to know if you can tell me what is the correct depth." Any opinion as to the greatest depth of the ocean must be founded entirely on surmise; because, beyond a certain depth, owing to the density of the water, which will float the heaviest bodies, it is impossible to obtain soundings. Such portions of the bottom of the ocean as have been sounded, present inequalities similar to those on the surface of the earth; the depth of water likewise, as is the case with the elevations of the continent, is extremely various. We should, therefore, argue from this, that the greatest depth of the ocean is equal to the height of the loftiest mountain—that is between twenty and thirty thousand feet.

G. D. K. (Milton, Pa.)—"Please tell me the difference between registered and coupon United States bonds." The interest on a coupon bond, or the bond itself, if also, is payable to bearer, or transferable from one person to another, just as a bank note is. A registered bond, or the interest on it, is payable only to the person in whose name it stands on the books of the United States Treasurer, or Assistant Treasurer, or to some one authorized by a regularly executed power of attorney to collect it. If you purchase of the Government a registered bond, it is entered in your name on the books of the United States Treasurer or Assistant Treasurer. If you sell it to another person you must have the transfer made personally or by power of attorney on the Treasurer's books; otherwise the party to whom you sold it could never collect the interest on it, or the amount of the bond itself when due. And thus every time a registered bond is sold, it must be transferred on the Treasurer's books.

W. B. M.—The Great Eastern Steamship has been exclusively devoted, since the year 1865, to submarine telegraphic work, and during that time has laid, in various parts of the world, over 20,000 miles of deep sea electric cable, all of which too are in good working order at this moment, so far as heard from. The capital invested in these various cables is estimated at over eight millions of pounds sterling, or over forty millions of dollars. This huge vessel was alone capable of affording accommodation sufficient to stow away the thousands of miles of cable necessary; and, above all, the alone was found to possess the steadiness and evenness requisite for paying out the cable without difficulty or accident. She has laid down sub-marine cables in all parts of the world.

H. W. F.—You should not pay any attention or fret over the piece of gossip which you say has been set afloat, to your disadvantage, by a man whom you always looked upon as your friend. Gossip-mongers and slanderers deserve no notice whatever, and their backbitings will die out if only you keep straight on in your course. Such things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed you take notice of them, and in fighting them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, or has any truth in it, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. Such backbitings and gossipings are annoying, we allow, but not dangerous, so long as we don't stop to take any notice of them. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others.

F. E. HERNARD.—In reply to your inquiry as to "the best way to learn farming," we do not think we can give you any better advice than what is contained in the following, which we happened to come across, and which exactly answers your question. Go to work on the best farm and under the direction of the best farmer you can find who will accept your services. There is no other way—no schools or system of study that will so quickly make a farmer of a young man; but he must not, at the same time, neglect to study. Every agency that he can employ to give him a better insight into the scientific features of husbandry should be taken advantage of; even when his bones ache with the labors of the day, his mind may work; and two hours daily given to wise reading or study will enable him to accumulate a vast amount of theoretical, as well as profitable, information from the recorded experience of others.

CENTENNIAL.—"What was the original name of this country, and by whom was it originally peopled?" It is impossible to say what the original name of the country was; doubtless the various parts of it had different designations, according to the local tribes. The first inhabitants were very ancient. There is a theory that they were Phœnicians; others say that the country was colonized from the North of Europe by Behring's Straits. Certain it is that when the Norsemen, in the year 986, discovered America, and, according to the Icelandic Saga, settled on its western shores in 1006, sixty years before the Norman invasion of England, inhabitants were met with, since authenticated from Icelandic and other Scandinavian MSS. of the tenth century, published in the *Antiquitates Americanæ* of the Royal Society of the Northern Antiquaries, at Copenhagen, in 1837. Certain enthusiasts have sought to discover Jewish blood in the native Americans, and claim for them the honor of being descended from the ten lost tribes. The pyramids and architecture of Peru are very similar to the Egyptian.

ASPIRANT.—It seems to us very extraordinary, indeed, why the young lady's friends should every one of them be so bitterly opposed to you, simply because of the fact that when "you were yet in your teens, you were slightly addicted to intemperance." We cannot help thinking that there must be some other reason of which either you are not aware, or which you have not told us. Of course, being so entirely in the dark as to what are the grounds upon which the lady's friends are so prejudiced against you, it would be impossible for us to say whether you have any hope of ever winning their consent, and of overcoming their prejudices. If you feel within yourself, however, that they are doing you an injustice, and that your character is unimpeachable and above all reproach, then we would by all means advise you to persevere; do not get discouraged or disheartened, because the course of your love does not run as smooth as you would wish it. It hardly ever does, is the experience of the majority of lovers. You should take encouragement and example from the constancy which the lady displays in spite of the opposition of her friends.

YANKEE.—"I dare say you will think I am asking you a very foolish question, but will you tell me what is the origin of the term 'Brother Jonathan,' as applied to the United States." The following is said to have been the origin of the phrase: When General Washington, after being appointed Commander of the Army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means of defence; and, on one occasion, it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbull, the Elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut; and the General placing the greatest reliance on his Excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan upon the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforward, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase, "we must consult Brother Jonathan," and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, just as John Bull has for England.

ANNIE.—"There is a young gentleman who has been coming to see me lately several times, but I cannot find out whether he means anything serious or not. Mamma says that I ought to find out, for if he does not I should not receive his visits, and thus perhaps keep on other young men who may think that I am keeping steady company with him, when I am not. Please tell me what I shall do." Do nothing at all. Some young ladies hold peculiar notions as to the attention they receive from gentlemen. They seem to think that if a man is polite and agreeable to them, if he takes pleasure in their society, and calls occasionally, he is bound to propose marriage. We certainly live in a fast age, and it would seem, according to their notions, that courtship must be conducted on the same railroad speed as other things. Marriage is a very serious matter, requiring long and earnest consideration. Two young persons may be everything that could be wished for; they may be amiable, affectionate in disposition, and yet if their tastes do not agree, they will lead a most miserable life together. Now, how are they ever to find out each other's disposition and tastes if they do not spend some time in each other's company before marriage? There can be no doubt that the numerous unhappy marriages which are made in the present day, arise entirely from the fact that the courtship was too short, and that the marriage was hurriedly entered into only to be speedily repented.

R. W. M. (Milwaukee).—Indian Hemp (*Cannabis Indica*) has long been used among Eastern nations as a nervous stimulant, and in India is spoken of as the "increaser of pleasure, the exciter of desire, the causer of a reeling gait, the laughter mover," etc. It causes (in large doses) a peculiar kind of intoxication, which is some cases, is attended with soothing and agreeable reverie, in others with a disposition to exhilaration, laughter, singing and dancing; occasionally it renders the subject quarrelsome and disposed to violence. After the first effects pass off, there is a tendency to sleep; lassitude, depression and low spirits mark the reaction. Its continued employment impairs the intellect, and the unhappy victim who has become addicted to its use, stands a very fair chance of ending his miserable existence in an insane asylum. In medicine an alcoholic extract and a tincture are made: the dose of the extract is from one to five grains; of the tincture, from ten minims to a drum. 2. The work referred to by you is an English publication, and an excellent one, but has never been reprinted in this country. We can procure it for you, but should advise a work on the same subject, issued in the United States, as less expensive and equally good. 3. A thoroughly competent stenographer can generally succeed in getting employment. 4. We are not aware whether the ladies you refer to are sisters or not. 5. The author in question does not write for the Post at present.

MISCELLANEOUS.—M. F. H.—Your suggestions will receive due consideration, and we thank you for the kindly interest which prompted them. H. W.—A gentleman should always raise his hat to a lady, and not merely touch it. M. E. M.—We do not know anything regarding the individual you speak of. B. A.—Any habit, good or bad, may be got rid of by perseverance. ANXIOUS.—We are afraid you have been badly advised, and the best thing you can now do is to consult a lawyer without delay. ZENO.—Yes, provided the stamp itself is not in any way effaced or destroyed. M. T. N.—In courtship, as in everything else, the straightforward course is always the best. JOHN C. A.—You should ask a mutual friend for the introduction you seek. O. E. L.—We thank you for your kind interest in our paper, and for what you say regarding our efforts. AN OLD READER.—We have no means of obtaining the information you require. FANNY.—Benzine will take out grease spots from almost anything. MARIE.—The word "suite" should be pronounced exactly like "sweet." LILY.—No simple recipe can be given for the cure of the disease you mention; a medical man should be consulted. M. M.—The author you name is living, but we do not know where he resides. A POOR BOY.—Your handwriting is tolerably good and legible, but susceptible of improvement. NELLIE.—As there was no engagement, you should treat him as a mere acquaintance when next you meet. P. M.—The sentence should be: "She saw you and me there," and not "You and I there." MERCHANT.—The shipping of London exceeds that of Liverpool. We cannot give you correct and exact figures however.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*